

NOW

Mr. BALDWIN

BE A CONSERVATIVE

THE

SATURDAY

REVIEW

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Rid of all his incumbrances—which dragged him away from Conservatism—the Country now awaits the decision of Mr. Baldwin to abandon sanctions.

“As our correspondents in Italy inform us, public opinion is being moulded to meet the situation. Almost everybody one meets now talks the same language, quotes the same facts and figures, makes the same predictions. There is a widespread belief in the likelihood of ‘war with England.’ Italy’s forces are supposed to be superior, and plans are ready for attacks on Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Cyprus, Aden, and British Somaliland. The British fleet will be destroyed by devoted Fascist airmen who will dive from the clouds in ‘planes full of high explosive upon ship after ship and blow each (and themselves too) to smithereens.’—*“The New Statesman and Nation,” November 16, 1935.*

Continued over leaf

Reprinted from "The Daily Mail"

Some Thoughts On Sanctions

TO-DAY the British Government will start to carry out against Italy an operation which has been declared by the Italian Government to be an "act of hostility" against the Italian nation. The "sanctions" for which Mr. Eden has worked so hard at Geneva come into force this morning.

About fifty States of very varying status are pledged from to-day to shut out Italian goods from their markets and to cease supplying Italy with certain raw materials.

One certain result alone can be predicted for this economic offensive against Italy: **It will earn for this country the enduring hostility of a nation which had always been our faithful friend.**

When the German Emperor during the South African War tried to unite the nations of Europe against Britain in the same way as Mr. Eden has united them against Italy, the Italian Government emphatically refused to have anything to do with his intrigue.

If the British nation has forgotten that, the Italians have not. They bitterly resent the conduct of our Ministers at Geneva as an act not of hostility alone but of ingratitude as well. **Has the National Government weighed well the risks which this situation entails?**

Italy's Air Power

From that strongly pro-League and pacifist organ "The New Statesman and Nation" we quote above a confirmation of the warnings which "The Daily Mail" has repeatedly published.

Even in this unexpected quarter there is now realisation of the danger that Italy whose air armaments are immensely powerful, may be goaded by British advocacy of sanctions into striking back at this country. **Where would the "collective action" of the League be then? Fifty Governments voted with Great Britain against Italy. Not one of them would fight with us against that formidably armed nation.**

With the complacency of ignorance, some people in this country affect to despise Italy as an adversary. If they were to study foreign newspapers, especially those of the United States, they would soon realise the perils of provoking Italian reprisals.

According to these sources of information, Italy has an air fleet of 3,000 new machines and is adding to them at the rate of from seven to ten daily. The latest type among these, it is stated, have a flying range of 2,500 miles, a speed of 250 miles per hour, and a carrying capacity of two tons of explosives.

At the present time the Italian Air Force is paying particular attention to the practice of flying at heights around 25,000 feet. It would thus be possible for these machines, flying so high as to be unseen from the neutral territories on their route, to be dropping their bombs on London within four hours of the order being given.

It is the duty of this newly elected Parliament to reflect seriously upon the risks of our aggressive policy towards Italy. Those words "**an act of hostility**," deliberately applied by the Italian Government to the sanctions that come into force to-day, might well be a prelude to retaliation.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Conservatism

A mainly Conservative country has returned a predominantly Conservative Parliament and has therefore some right to expect a mainly Conservative policy. So much we take to be good democratic principle, that the electorate has a right to get that for which it votes. We say these fairly obvious things because we see it stated that the followers of Mr. Baldwin in the new House of Commons will be "just as remote from reactionary Conservatism as they are from the impractical Socialism of the Opposition." The overdone catchword "reactionary" belongs to the same debased coinage as that other overworked epithet



"progressive"; we have considerable contempt for the mind so loose as to accept either for true currency. Let us lay them aside and say that the followers of the Prime Minister cannot be as remote from Conservatism as from Socialism, if they are honest men, because, as mere matter of fact, they are, in the mass, Conservatives, and were elected upon that representation. Do not let us quarrel, quite yet, with representative government.

The new Parliament, then, is mainly Conservative; but there remains the question—What is Conservatism? We conceive that the mass of the people do not trouble to define a Conservative any more than they would trouble to define an

elephant: they know it when they see it: a certain strength, a certain benignity, a mildness of manner and massiveness of movement—such recognisable characteristics supply the place of a definition, and it would be a great loss to our political system if the types got mixed up in the public mind and if a country which went to sleep under the impression that it had elected a Conservative Parliament should wake up to find itself ridden by a Socialist nightmare. As our own small aid to avert such a catastrophe, we attempted to define, upon the eve of the elections, what we take the average elector to mean when he demands a Conservative policy. We do not claim for our seven points, which we set out on this page, any pontifical authority; but we hope, at least, that they will not be called "reactionary." In any case we are able to say that they were popular with the electorate since (in leaflet form) they were bought and circulated by the hundred thousand. We may say at once that they are based upon the assumption that Great Britain is still a sovereign nation: "world-loyalty" we leave to the Socialists.

* * *

Our defences, it will be noted, we place first, just as a man might place fire-insurance at the top of the list of his household expenses, not because he intended to burn his house (or anybody else's) but because provision against fire seemed to him fundamental. Next we put what is called law and order, i.e., magistracy and police, because these are of the essence of civilised society, and beside them we place impartial and incorruptible justice free from political pressure, since justice is the salt of life without which all goes rotten. Sound and strict finance is another fundamental of Conservative policy, as may be seen by contrasting the careful husbandry of Mr. Chamberlain with the spendthrift career of the late Socialist Administra-

tion. Conservatism, moreover, as witness Lord Shaftesbury, does not regard the relation of subject and government as merely fiscal and legal. There has always been a warm vein of benignity in the Conservative principle, and therefore we found a place for the improvement of the health and social conditions of the people. Last but not least we put the support of private enterprise in contrast to the nationalisation of the Socialists. We believe that the Socialist scheme to make political spoil of our joint stock banks would have struck at the very root of our living society and would have involved rich and poor in a common catastrophe. That so large a vote should be committed to so wild an experiment in itself would justify the need for a strong and vigilant Conservatism.

Morning Post.

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What Italy Thinks

Sanctions are proceeding according to plan—more or less—and we shall hear a good deal in the next few weeks of their operation, or failure to operate, and of the indignant energy with which the Italian people are preparing to combat what they describe as an "ignominious and iniquitous economic siege" undertaken by the League nations under the predominating influence of Great Britain.

We are likely to hear less of the bitter sense of injustice under which the Italians are smarting, and of the facts that have given rise to it. It would be as well, before letting the Government press further forward along the sanctions road that leads to war, to consider what those facts are.

* * *

On April 26, 1915, a solemn Treaty was signed in London between the Governments of France, Russia, Great Britain and Italy. By that Treaty Italy was promised the realisation of many territorial aspirations and a substantial measure of colonial expansion.

The price she agreed to pay—participation in the war on the side of the Allies—was a big one. In his book "The World Crisis," Mr. Churchill says:

"Italy, like the other great combatants was to be drenched with blood and tears. Year after year, her soil invaded, her manhood shorn away, her treasure spent, her life and honour in jeopardy, must she struggle on to a victory which was to bring no complete satisfaction to her ambitions."

The words "no complete satisfaction" are an understatement. Apart from some trifling frontier adjustments in North Africa recently conceded by France and the cession by Britain in 1924 of Jubaland, largely an arid waste, the war gave Italy not one foot of colonial soil in any part of the world. Her late allies took the lot—hundreds of thousands of square miles.

For Italy the 1915 Treaty was another Scrap of Paper.

One might expect that, in this country at any rate, there would be understanding of the Italian people's sense of grievance and of repression. Not a bit of it. Because Italy decides to take control of slave-owning and raw meat-eating Abyssinia—a high-handed action if you will, but only what the other countries have done in Africa—our anti-Fascists yell their heads off and our pugnacious prelates abuse her like a pickpocket.

Can those same prelates tell the Italian people what difference there is between the pledges given to Italy in the Treaty of 1915—pledges on the strength of which 682,000 Italians gave their lives—and Italy's pledge given as a member of the League of Nations—a mutual pledge given in conjunction with Japan and other nations which have since left the League?

* * *

The difference, as the Italians see it, is that Italy paid an enormous price for the unredeemed pledges given her in 1915; her co-signatories to the League Covenant never paid a sixpence to bring Italy into the League, and have never spent sixpence to keep in Japan or any other malcontent.

It is about time that those who denounce Italy so vehemently tried to understand her point of view, because, if for no other reason, they will then realise how tempted the Italian people must be to treat economic sanctions as acts of war—as they are in fact if not in law—and respond in kind.

Should that happen, posterity will lay the blame on our British anti-Fascist warmongers (including our pugnacious prelates) and our League of Nations-obsessed Government. For Britain, the historians will say, never redeemed the solemn pledges to Italy for which she received such valuable consideration, but on the other hand subjected Italy to the most grievous harassments when she, in turn, failed to live up to an agreement for which there was no valuable consideration, and which other nations had already flouted with impunity.

Evening News.

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Coastal Shipping

It is good news that last year the coastal trade of the Port of London increased by no less than 1,192,000 tons, as indicating a general return along the road to prosperity. It is even better news that further efforts are to be made to develop British coastal shipping. To this end the Coastal Trade Development Council, of which Commander Arthur Marsden, R.N., is chairman, have prepared a scheme which will include the provision of better facilities at ports and the building of a new type of highly efficient motor vessels.

Representations

But, as usual, there is a nigger in the wood pile. On this occasion there are two. Representations are to be made to the Customs department to facilitate the clearance of cargoes. This surely speaks for itself; for, in any other country, if an important



branch of the nation's trade were being penalised by Customs dilatoriness there would be no question of "representations," but the Customs would be commanded to put their house in order without delay.

**

Please Ship British

Efforts are also to be made to "persuade the Government departments and others to use British ships instead of foreign ones." Here is the biggest buck nigger that ever took refuge in a stick heap. One cannot blame the Council, which has no legislative authority; at the same time a situation such as the present one, where Government departments have to be persuaded to ship British, is hardly credible.

What is wanted, of course, is a coastal shipping act, such as Australia has, to say nothing of many foreign countries, making it compulsory for coastal freight to be carried in British ships. That this has not been already done is a grave reflection on the Government, upon which pressure should be applied to pass a comprehensive act as soon as possible.

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Unsuitable Bridges

Another fact which discloses the present unsatisfactory state of affairs is that the Council have found it necessary to advocate that whenever bridges are constructed over navigable waters special regard should be paid to the needs of shipping. One would have thought that legislation would have been passed in the dim ages to ensure that so elementary precautions should be taken. Nothing of the sort has, however, been done and our coastal shipping has been allowed to get along as best it can, without support from shore authorities, in spite of the fact that it is competing against heavily subsidised fleets from foreign countries who exclude our own vessels from any participation in their coastal trade.

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Geneva and Italy

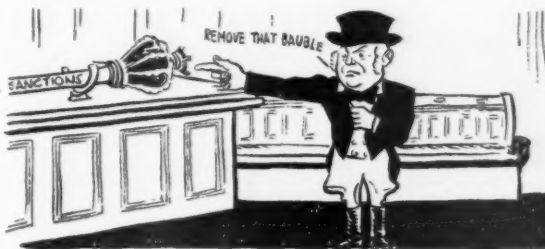
To-morrow is the appointed day for Geneva's launching of its full economic war upon Italy. On

paper we are to have in full blast an arms embargo, a financial boycott, a refusal of Italian goods, an embargo on Italian exports. It is bound to be effective in mischief, but can have no other effect. Within the League Italy's neighbours have refused to take part, and France is reluctant. Outside the League the Powers who can defeat the sanctions' object have adopted an attitude of almost Pickwickian finesse. The new British Government faces a grave and historic responsibility.

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The Effect on Italy

On Wednesday the text was published of Italy's final expostulation. Those gleeful sanctionists who argue that Italy is alarmed have this much to be said for them: that everyone, in or out of Italy, who has any sense of economics or finance, or any common sense, is deeply alarmed. It is the glee that is hard to understand. Italy's protest was addressed, not to the League, but to each



of the Governments represented on the Co-ordinating Committee. Its emphasis was on the gravity of the consequences that are likely to follow Geneva's attack.

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French Reluctance

Despite M. Laval's preoccupation with his domestic financial problems, it has been made clearer than ever that his heart is not in sanctions against Italy. His present dilemma between loyalty to the League and loyalty to prudence cannot be resolved by repudiating the League. The only solution for him is the postponement of sanctions and a vigorous prosecution of the attempt at an agreed settlement. There is logic as well as good sense on the side of France. Peace comes not from force but from persuasion. In the present case the League has become the muddled exponent of the thesis that the pursuit of peace is a warlike business.

Observer.

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The Lesson of the Election

The result of the election, which has been hailed as a triumph for the National Government, does not appear to us in this light. The fact which cannot be denied, although it has been glossed over, is that for every ten votes polled by the Conservatives the Socialists polled eight.

Although Mr. Baldwin's self-complacency allows him to view almost anything with satisfaction, the more perspicuous members of the party see obvious signs of danger ahead and argue that, if the Conservatives could poll only two million votes more than the Socialists out of a total poll of twenty-one millions and an infinitely larger electorate at a time when no one wanted to swap horses when crossing a stream, there is not much hope at the next election.

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Conservative Losses

There are, of course, exceptions, such as East Dorset, where politicians are still trying to account for the surprising result; but throughout the country as a whole infinitely fewer votes were cast for Conservative candidates than was the case at the last election. It has been argued that this was expected and that, now that the crisis of 1931 is past, there was bound to be a reversion in favour of Socialism. An examination of the returns, however, shows that the majority of the votes gained by the Socialists were not at the expense of the Conservatives but of the Liberals, the opposition group of which, in turn divided into two factions, is now reduced to twenty.

The fall in the Conservative vote, no less than a million and a half or three-quarters of the Conservative majority over the Socialists, must therefore be attributed to abstentions. The fact is that a great number of patriotic Conservatives could not see their way to voting for a hotch-potch Government intent on advocating Socialistic ideas, nor could they trust a collection of Ministers which, having rendered us defenceless, immediately proceeded to embroil us in a European quarrel.

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A Vote of Fear

These abstentions would have been very much more numerous—two or three times as many at a modest estimate—had not the majority of voters been so afraid of getting something worse in the shape of a Socialist Government. The irony of the situation is that it was the National Government's blundering folly which proved its strength in this respect; for, by creating so critical a foreign situation it placed the electorate in a dilemma. No true patriot wished to vote for the National Government; at the same time many were appalled at the thought of what would happen should the Socialists come into power and carry their pugnacious promises into effect.

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Stop this Folly

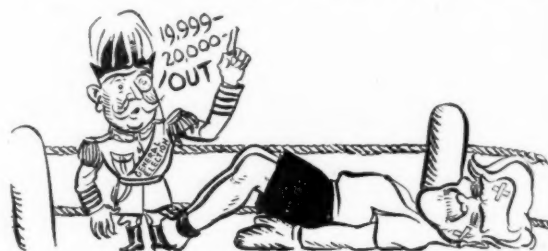
It is true that there was not much variety in the menu, and a vote for the National Government was merely choosing the lesser evil. This was undoubtedly very largely the fault of the Conserva-

tive rank and file who during the last ten or twelve years have become more and more like a herd of oxen and who, though possessing the real power, do not make the slightest effort to impose a policy of Conservatism on their leader. They have also permitted to creep into their ranks a most strange and unpleasant post-war product, the "Young Conservative." This remarkable creature is always extremely "refained," learns his politics from the B.B.C., and finishes up by holding opinions roughly corresponding to those of Mr. Shinwell.

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Ramsay's Defeat

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's defeat by this gentleman is easily explained. He did not promise to give away enough. Mr. MacDonald has only given away India and consented to handing over part of British Somaliland. Mr. Shinwell, on the other hand, would like to give away the whole of



the Empire, all mandated territory and anybody else's territory which would consent to being used as a Christmas present. If Mr. MacDonald wishes to return to Parliament he will have to be more generous.

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Will He Be Conservative

With MacDonald *père et fils* out of the way, Mr. Baldwin has an excellent opportunity to forget about the old firm and become a Conservative again. The trouble, however, is that, like a pack of hounds into which Welsh blood has been introduced, however much you try to breed it out the taint remains. Thus we still have Mr. Thomas with us, to say nothing of Mr. Runciman, a Liberal Free Trader who in the last Government was—of all things!—President of the Board of Trade.

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Conservative Preponderance

Even so, with over three hundred and eighty Conservatives to a handful of some forty National Liberals and Labourites one would imagine that Mr. Baldwin would be in a position to call the tune; and we earnestly hope that he will make the most of his opportunity and do this. Unfortunately, however, his character is not altogether unknown to us and, judging by his performances in the past, we have every reason to fear that he will do exactly the opposite.

Bravo, Mr. Baldwin

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

THE "Saturday Review" congratulates Mr. Baldwin—most especially do we congratulate him on the mandate the electorate have given him for Conservatism pure and simple.

IT is rather amusing for Conservatives to think that after being called "reactionary" and other contemptuous epithets they—Conservatives alone—in a crisis—have the power to make the Nation realise that only Conservatism can save them. What the Nation thinks of "National" is proved by the fact that only three constituencies have voted for this very ambiguous nick-name "National" which was thrust upon and endured by Conservatives all through the last Government.

NOW, Mr. Baldwin can be himself again—a *real Conservative*—and be Master in his own House letting "National" which being interpreted means "International" rest in the oblivion where the electorate have put it.

MR. BALDWIN—having learnt in a mixed assembly called "National"—to swim in troubled waters—can now go off the deep end into the strong irresistible current of Conservatism that safeguards this Island Home of ours, and all Conservatives will wish him Good Luck and God speed and may his "Sheet Anchor" in future be a British Navy double the strength of any other Navy as it always was in the good old days when Britannia ruled the Waves and kept the Peace of the World.

"My Friend"

By Kim

MR. BALDWIN, speaking at Leeds before the General Election, referred to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as "my friend, Mr. MacDonald." It sent cold shivers up the backs of lots of us, for it is one thing formally to have to allude to "my right honourable friend" so and so, when probably the speaker detests the object of his address, and quite another when Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, singles out the man whose public record has been one long intrigue against the British Empire and calls him "my friend."

Admittedly it may have been the politician's touch. It was pretty evident when Mr. Baldwin gave Mr. MacDonald this gratuitous testimonial that he would be defeated at Seaham Harbour. It may, therefore, have been said pityingly, as one might say, for instance, "Poor old so-and-so, he doesn't stand an earthly," and glad to think he doesn't either. The eclipse of Mr. MacDonald at Seaham certainly relieves Mr. Baldwin of any further moral responsibility in regard to him. After all, this "National Labour" following which before the General Election amounted to 13 was then regarded as a farce, has now dwindled to 8, minus the two MacDonalds, and is almost extinct. It cannot muster 400,000 electors, against the Conservative total of over ten and a half million. If it were stretched to include three Cabinet posts with thirteen members, how many with eight? Is Mr. "Jim" Thomas to be the sole survivor of Labour to uphold the claim to the word "National"?

THEY THREW HIM OUT

It must be expected that thoughts rather like this surged through the mind of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when he alighted from the train from Seaham, not waiting to hear the verdict, and was described by a descriptive journalist as having called himself "an old and finished man," which he indignantly denies. His thoughts could scarcely have been pleasant. The Socialists of Seaham Harbour, who once hung on his every word, described him as a scab and threw him out. A majority of over 20,000 against him, though he did not know this yet. His son Malcolm, a young man with no personality, and for some inscrutable reason made a Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State for the Colonies—thrown out also by Bassetlaw. I say for an inscrutable reason, but the facts are on record that when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of 13 Members, was induced after great agitation to resign his post as Prime Minister, this son without a following and of no political account whatever suddenly blossoms forth into a Secretary of State! Well, Bassetlaw's electors had their views.

So how can it be agreeable to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to think that there is only a remnant of 8 "National Labour" M.P.'s all elected by Tory votes, with their leader minus a seat and his son, for whom he has that strong Scottish paternal pride, ditto? No wonder a Sunday newspaper reporter found him pale and tired, as he surveyed the last tattered remains of his extraordinary career. "I could have accepted a safe seat," he exclaimed bitterly. Could he? Could the man whose career has carried him from the very extremities of Socialism, Bolshevism, Pacifism, Anti-British propaganda, intrigues with our country's enemies, who was the Prime Minister of the Socialist Government which collapsed by its own extreme efforts to tinker with the national finances—could he, I ask, have dared to ask for a safe Conservative seat? Conservatives have stood a good deal, but they would not have stood for that, to give a safe Conservative seat to a man who has done more in his life-time than anyone else to wreck the Empire and bring the British nation to ruin. Surely there is a limit to everything, and Mr. MacDonald knew quite well he must fight Seaham or quit.

HIS BLACK RECORD

And what now? Various rumours fly around. Some suggest that he should be rewarded by a Peerage. Well, Philip Snowden took a Peerage and those who gave it to him to get him out of the way have not been forgiven. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a different proposition. His record is so black during those war years, when all his tenderness was for Germany, trying to form a Soviet here and corrupt our soldiers, and the post-war years when he lavished all his affections on Soviet Russia, endeavouring to wangle a loan for Germany. Then prominent in the General Strike of 1926. The man who in 1924, and after, proclaimed his desire to see complete autonomy for Ireland, Egypt and India. The man who, when he leapt miraculously into the saddle of the "National" Government, set to work to disarm the nation, tie us down to the murderous League of Nations, and did all he could to grant autonomy to India. Yet, so deep his cunning, he remained Prime Minister and lurked in the background . . . whilst others did his dirty work for him.

A Peer! It would leave a beastly taste in the mouth. But there is a difficulty about a seat. If someone offers to sell his constituents by offering a seat the electors may have something to say. It can scarcely be done for both of them.

We shall soon know what Mr. Baldwin intends to do. In the General Election it was all "Conservatives" who voted, who canvassed and who lent cars, and Mr. Baldwin would be on safe ground if he called this Government by its right-

ful name—Conservative. The Conservative vote has fallen since 1931 by over 3,000,000. The Socialists, despite their execrable leadership, have gone up over 1,300,000. On voting strength they ought to hold nearly another 100 seats. There are only 1,800,000 votes between them and the Conservatives—no great number. Only 71.4 per cent. voted as against 79.8 in 1931. Lord Castleross says, "The Tories were lapped to victory by the sluggish waves of public apathy," and also, it might be added, the dislike of enormous numbers of Conservatives who hated the programme of Mr. Baldwin only a degree less than that of the Socialists.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, we may be sure, will go on trying. His personal vanity is extraordinary. If it were possible to arrange, it is by

no means uncertain that he would not lead the Socialists again. At all events, he told his interviewer, "I am as much a Labour man as those of the Opposition," which admittedly has two meanings, but one is that he regards himself as a Socialist. As Lord Snowden has rattled again, why not he? He regards himself as indispensable, and as the greatest figure of the age, a form of megalomania which sundry stupid pseudo-Conservative newspapers encourage by their fawning compliments. Lady Houston in an open letter to Mr. Baldwin puts the case with great clarity when she says, "You were not honest, Mr. Baldwin, when you subordinated Conservatism to Socialism—and to the personal vanity of a Socialist whose aim—you knew—was to drag down and destroy all that Conservatives have built up and achieved."

"Enemy" is the word for "my friend."

Mr. Baldwin's Last Chance

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

WITH the return of the National Government to office, the day of Mr. Baldwin's last chance has dawned. His actions now must decide, once and for all, whether his name shall be associated throughout ages to come with England's great and overdue rehabilitation, or whether he will go down to history as the last and most contemptible of England's demagogues—the poor fool who could not read the writing on the wall when that writing had become so obvious that it was even served up to the man in the street in terms of one syllable by the popular Press.

That newspapers should condemn a Government because of its foreign policy, or quarrel with it for its lack of an Imperial policy, is no new thing. But at this election, for the first time in English history, the popular Press has published condemnation of all our political leaders, on the grounds that there is not one among them who, by adhering to the principles he professes, has maintained the ordinary standards of honesty and stability on which civilised society is founded, and which are taken for granted even among strangers in ordinary everyday intercourse between all but the criminal classes.

POLITICAL ACROBATS

One after another, in an article in the *Daily Express*, Lord Castleross pilloried the politicians of all parties and proved them out of their own mouths to be persons "whose claim to our respect is their ability to turn back somersaults." Without a shadow of doubt he was right in his prediction that "the historian of the future will no doubt refer to this election as heralding the peak of the apostate era in Great Britain," and it is only by a speedy adoption of both honesty and common-sense that Mr. Stanley Baldwin can prevent serious political upheaval in this country, and at the same time effect an eleventh hour salvation of his own name.

First Mr. Stanley Baldwin must realise that the

British Empire is a sacred trust, willed and worked for by the statesmen of the past, and to be handed on to our descendants, in the words of his cousin Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "an undefiled heritage."

At the first news of the discovery of the new world, Henry VII, England's King, expressed the intention and the faith, "that my people . . . might turn their backs on the continent and point their prows for the setting sun and the fortunate isles of the blest," and his words waxed strong in fulfilment until Lord Palmerston in 1847 could say, "a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong," and Sir James Barrie proclaim, in 1922, "You come of a race of men, the very wind of whose name has swept the ultimate seas."

It is this spirit which still animates Englishmen, this spirit which is the very soul of political Conservatism, and this spirit which engenders the biting contempt expressed on all sides for our politicians of 1935—cheapjacks paltering with the suggestion that the Crown Colonies may be thrown to the tender mercies of that hybrid rabble known as the League of Nations.

"Hearth and Empire!" These are the words whose sovereignty alone the Briton acknowledges, and our hearths have been desecrated even as desecration is proposed for our Empire. The passing of the squirarchy, the ruin of many of the middle classes, and now the confiscation of the property of the small property owner—all these have been brought about first by confiscatory taxation and now by open seizure of land and houses whose owners are forbidden recourse to a court of law.

In the eighteenth century men wrote of, "The essential, unalterable right in nature, engrafted into the British Constitution as a fundamental law and ever held sacred and irrevocable by the subjects within the realm, that what a man has honestly

acquired is absolutely his own, which he may freely give, but cannot be taken from him without his consent," and this right must be restored as an inalienable principle bounding all Parliamentary measures. Mr. Baldwin must relinquish all attempts to bribe the electorate, as well as forbidding such gross immorality to the politicians of other parties.

BACK TO CONSERVATISM

In short, Mr. Stanley Baldwin must set to work to learn what Conservatism really means, and then—if he would remain a leader—he must translate his discoveries into actions such as all Conservatives can applaud.

The result of the election leaves him without a shadow of excuse for the continuance of the farcical label "National," or the semi-socialist

policy the National Government has pursued. In every case the huge majorities were for Conservative candidates, and the electorate was not content only to turn out the MacDonald family, lock, stock and barrel, but dismissed the late Prime Minister's private secretary also. Sir John Simon saved his seat by less than 700 votes, and a more complete expression of the disapproval of the people for those members of the Government who do not belong to the Conservative Party could hardly have been devised.

Let Mr. Baldwin speedily realise the true facts of the political case, and ever remember that "Conservatism is indeed the political expression of that attitude of mind rightly associated with the Englishman throughout the world."

BROKEN PLEDGES

ITALY has been pronounced an international outlaw by the so-called League of Nations. Fifty countries have imposed upon her the "ignominy and inequity" of economic sanctions in punishment for an alleged breach of her engagements.

These nations are launched upon a course of folly which may end in an immense disaster. That sanctions may mean war has been the frequent warning of responsible Ministers and public men including Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain. **As one day succeeds another the extreme peril of this policy will become more manifest.**

France is wholeheartedly opposed to the application of such measures. Her newspapers have declared against them, and some 3,000,000 ex-Service men have said that in no event would they take part in military action.

We certainly hold no brief for Italy, but it must be pointed out that among the nations which have condemned her are the three which have failed dismally to fulfil their obligations.

The solemn undertaking which brought Italy into the war on the side of the Allies has never been satisfactorily fulfilled. By the Secret Treaty of London signed in 1915 by Italy, France, Great Britain, and Russia, she was promised compensation in Africa if either France or Britain increased their possessions in that continent.

But after taking her part gallantly in the war and losing 670,000 of her young men she has ever since felt aggrieved because she did not receive what she considered to be her just reward for her efforts in the common cause. In 1924 Britain ceded Jubaland, largely a waterless desert, in settlement of Italy's claim, but France made no attempt to settle her side of the bargain.

Apart from an insignificant rectification of the

Libyan-Algerian frontier in 1922 nothing more was done until this year, when two strips of territory adjoining Libya and Eritrea were handed over to Italy. But this can scarcely be described as the contemplated reward, since France in return received substantial advantages from Italy.

Italy can also point to the agreement with Britain in 1925 which recognised an exclusive Italian economic interest in parts of Abyssinia as another example of a contract which failed to realise her anticipations.

Fair-minded observers ask how Italy can be charged with bad faith when the undertaking which brought her into the war—a far more solemn engagement than the one she is charged with breaking—has not been carried out. She has more reason to charge her accusers with dereliction of duty.

The Covenant of the League, lacking the universal support which alone could give it force, is no Covenant in the sense originally contemplated; and the League is but half a League. **Italy, as a foundation member, has seen it become impotent and futile by the resignations of great Powers.**

The withdrawal of the United States in 1920 robbed the League of its influence. Japan joined, and resigned. Germany, after a brief membership, also resigned. Brazil, the largest State in South America, left in 1928; and other smaller countries have followed suit.

This crippled body has long since lost any weight it may have had. It would be better if some of our pugnacious prelates instead of calling for warlike measures which threaten Britain with the utmost peril, were to devote some of their time to explaining the morality of failing to keep the undertakings set forth in solemn treaties.

(Reprinted from the "Daily Mail.")

A Bad Beginning

By Robert Machray

ALTHOUGH Mr. Baldwin has secured a big majority in the Elections, and is thus able to constitute his fourth Government, there should and indeed there can be no camouflaging, far less concealing, the fact that as regards foreign policy, never of more vital importance to the country and the Empire than at present, that Government is making a shockingly bad beginning, thanks most of all to Baldwin himself. On Monday last the trade Sanctions were imposed on Italy in accordance with the programme of the League of Nations, and if there is one man who is more responsible than any other for that extremely irrational and absolutely unnecessary action Baldwin is the man.

Let it be admitted that there were times when he had or seemed to have moments of sanity, as when he declared that he did not see how Sanctions could be applied without involving war as the inevitable result, or, again, when he said that collective security was "perfectly impracticable" under the League system because America, Japan and Germany were not included in it. Later, however, he let it be known that he had come to the conclusion to "try out" the League, with Eden, his own Minister of League Affairs, as a sort of *provocateur*, though all this was tactically disguised under such fine figures of speech as sheet-anchor and corner stone.

IF THE LEAGUE BREAKS . . .

That is the Baldwin record of approach to the situation as it is to-day, and if the League breaks down under the strain, then something else must be put in its place—so says Mr. Baldwin, without, however, stating at all clearly the nature of the substitute. It is true that this objective, realistic description of Baldwin's course *vis-à-vis* the League and Sanctions does not cover such fancy touches as that imparted to the subject by Sir Samuel Hoare when he referred to the "vein of sentiment" that was to be seen in the British people. What is also true is that on the Continent nobody appears to be able to see this particular vein in the Government's action, that is, Baldwin's action, at Geneva or, more strikingly, in the Mediterranean. What is seen is unsympathetically asserted to be the use of the League machinery for furthering British interests.

This, however, is not to say that some members of the League do not look on British action at Geneva with the utmost satisfaction. Naturally Soviet Russia, for her own dark and sinister aims, is perfectly delighted with it, hoping to see in it the beginning of the end of England. And as naturally, though for a very different reason, many of the small States are loud in their praises of our Government; to them the continuance and reinvigoration of the League means the perpetuation of the *status quo*, which they have no hesitation in

identifying with peace, though they cast frightened glances at Germany all the while. In the meantime they are on the keen look-out for "compensations." And why not—if they can get them?

But there is one State, a very great State, which has observed and followed, though with evident reluctance, the action for which Baldwin is primarily responsible, and that State is France. Her reluctance has not diminished, but increased as the weeks have gone past and the trade Sanctions come nearer and nearer enforcement. The position of M. Laval is common knowledge, but what was not known until a few days ago is that M. Flandin, who may be taken as representing the mass of the Right and the Centre in France, has definitely and publicly pronounced against Sanctions.

FRANCE WILL NOT FIGHT

Will France go to war for the League against Italy? The answer may be given in Flandin's own words: "If other countries like to assume the risks of war that is their own look-out, but in no case will France be dragged in against her will." Who then is or are to go to war? Surely not peaceful England! Has not Baldwin himself declared, almost with passion, that the Government will not apply military sanctions? He has forgotten what he once said about war being implied in Sanctions—the pity of it! Instead, he has "assumed the risks of war," and it is in this dreadful guise that his fourth Government sets out on its course.

A thoroughly bad beginning—let there be no mistake about it. What is the reaction of Italy to the imposition of these trade Sanctions? Her Government has stated in the most emphatic manner that she regards it as an "act of hostility," which she will meet by every means in her power. Those are woefully wrong who suppose either that these words are just mere bluff or that her power is insufficient to give them terrible point. They may mean war, not against the League, whose lately-accentuated vitality derives not from itself, but from the pressure of our Government. The war would therefore be with England; in Italy they are talking quite openly of it . . . and she was our friend.

What an unutterably horrible mess! And it certainly might and could have been avoided. But, no! Baldwin determined to try out this extraordinarily dangerous experiment, and one cannot but wonder whether he duly considered all that it might bring in its trail. For instance, did he ask himself how many member-States of the League would support England in a war with Italy? And what about our Army, Navy and Air Force? Short of actual hostilities, the situation is as serious as it can possibly be.

RACING

Flat Racing Reviewed

By David Learmonth

TO-MORROW will mark the last day of flat racing, and steeplechasing will hold sway until Liverpool in March. Whether the season will wind up with happy memories in the victory of a short-priced favourite or whether, as is usually the case, something will come along to save the handicapper, no one but a prophet can say; but personally I have gone for one at a longer price and have had a little each way on Latoi, who seems very nicely weighted with only six stone eleven to carry. So light a weight often means a lack of adequate jockeyship; but I have no fear that little C. Couch will not be equal to the occasion.

It is a good time to take stock of the season as a whole. The Aga Khan, as usual, is easily top of the list of winning owners, as he deserves to be considering the amount of money he spends on the game and, more important still, the intensive study he has made of breeding and the great knowledge of this difficult subject he possesses. His very able trainer, Butters, is top of his section of the list.

PUZZLE OF THE YEARLINGS

So far as the sport as a whole is concerned, however, it is difficult to say that much progress has been made compared with last year. Considering the general increase in prosperity, the yearling sales must be regarded as rather disappointing. It must be remembered, however, that prices realised at these auctions are to a certain extent a matter of luck. The same yearling which happened to attract the attention of two or three wealthy and determined bidders and so fetch a vast sum might, had it been foaled a year later or a year earlier, have been knocked down for only half the amount of money. The reason why the total of the yearling sales was not higher may well be because there were no fantastic prices. This, in my opinion, is no bad thing; as, should these high-priced youngsters fail, a reaction is apt to set in the following year.

In fact, it may well be on account of the gloomy record of the most expensive yearlings which ran as two-year-olds this season that the larger buyers were more cautious; because one or two very good looking and very well bred youngsters appeared in the sale ring.

So far as attendances have been concerned, these must be regarded as patchy. Some courses have reported very much better figures; on the other hand, there have been a good many cases where, in spite of the fact that the weather was fine, attendances have been less than at the corresponding meeting last year. Certainly it can be said that the expected boom consequent upon the Jubilee has not been realised; while the fact that certain executives have made revolutionary experiments,

such as admitting ladies at half price, indicates that they had decided that something drastic must be done.

Nevertheless, I congratulate these executives, because I do think that the expense of racing keeps a great many people away. I also think that such an experiment must be persevered with. People are remarkably slow in tumbling to something new, so that it is no use judging the merits of a new departure on one or even a few meetings.

Take Northolt Park, for example. No one would pretend that it provides sport which approaches the class of a meeting under Jockey Club rules. Yet I understand that the meetings here and at Portsmouth have been so successful that the Pony Turf Club have decided to start another one in a different part of England. This success must in a large measure be attributed to the fact that pony racing is so cheap.

BETTING AMENITIES

I have already dealt with the question of catering and do not wish to cover the same ground again; but there is another factor which I feel has a lot to do with the success of Northolt Park and which I feel racecourse executives should study.

At Northolt there is a club, and a ten shilling enclosure which compares with the club much as the lawn at Goodwood compares with the private stand. It is true that there are no bookmakers on the lawn at Goodwood and that there are a few in the ten shilling enclosure at Northolt; but there are so few at the latter place that they cannot upset the amenities for those ladies and others who are not madly enthusiastic about racing, but who go for the spectacle and perhaps to have a very mild flutter on the Tote.

This is not meant as an insult to bookmakers. But no one can deny that Tattersalls on the average racecourse is far from a pleasant place for the ordinary race goer. It is often over-crowded and is filled with many people of comparatively low type, to say nothing of the numerous folk who are connected professionally with the business of betting who are always in a hurry.

If racecourses would provide another enclosure which would be intermediate between Tattersalls and the Club, I feel sure that, certainly so far as women are concerned, the attendances would go up. There are many women who would rather not go racing at all than be plunged into the hurly-burly of Tattersalls.

It must be remembered that with the increased prosperity of the middle classes and the great increase in the number of motor-owners, a new type of potential racegoer is arising. It is from this class that racing must draw any increase in revenue, and to do so it must cater specially for it.

Our Future in the Air

By R. G. Montgomery

NEVER before in the history of this country has there occurred a better opportunity for building up an air service worthy of it. The public has expressed its views clearly enough and it remains for the Government to heed them. The materials, human and other, are available, and if they are used in the right way Great Britain will possess before the next general election the finest air force in the world.

Let me try to set out in the simplest form the task as it appears to me, and then let me give some indication of the manner in which it may be performed. I divide the task up into two main parts: foundation and superstructure. The foundation is formed of such things as technical knowledge, general air-mindedness in the country, commercial aviation and factory facilities. The superstructure is formed of the aerodromes and the first line aeroplanes, fighters, bombers and other, in the Royal Air Force squadrons.

Any plan likely to succeed in giving Great Britain the finest air force in the world must heed these two main parts and provide for them. And it is fairly clear that the foundation is more difficult to provide than the superstructure. Let me take some of the things which form it, and examine them. There is, first, technical knowledge. How is technical knowledge gained?

A RACING STIMULUS

The answer is that technical knowledge is gained as a result of a combination of invention and experience. Invention is mainly the work of those who work in laboratories, or sit at desks; while experience is obtained in the workshops and in the air. But those who work in laboratories and who sit at desks require a stimulus; in the same way, those who work in workshops and who fly in the air require a stimulus. And that leads me to the first great need of any successful air plan for the service.

The first great need is for a stimulus which shall continually urge forward our technical workers and others; which shall keep them perpetually in the state of being dissatisfied and of wanting a little more—whether it be in the performance of the aeroplanes or in the swiftness with which they may be built. Now no better stimulus has been devised than the great international air race. The Royal Air Force to-day would be in a sorry plight had it not been for the Schneider Trophy races. They afforded the stimulus which sent our technologists in search of new things and our mechanics and pilots in search of new experiences.

There are no more Schneider Trophy races, it is true; but there is no reason why something should

not be devised and supported by the Government to take their place. British firms might be aided by the Air Ministry in entering such competitions as the French Coupe Deutsch. This race, for aeroplanes with engines of not more than eight litres capacity, has proved of the greatest value in improving the technical quality of French aircraft. It is an international event, and it could be used to equal purpose by Britain.

A big race is urgently needed to stimulate design and invention and to be a medium for the accumulation of more experience in manufacture and piloting. One has only to look at the good results which have been obtained in the realm of civil aviation lately to see that the Melbourne Centenary Air Races provided a great stimulus. In the same way a big race for the military aeroplanes of the world would not only provide a stimulus which would urge forward the technical workers of our Air Force, but it would also show the taxpayers who pay for the Air Force that their money was being put to a good use.

It is one thing to have a "pocket" Air Force and to say that it is first class in equipment and personnel, but it is another to prove it.

With some kind of aerial equivalent to the Olympic Games of Ancient Greece, technical development would be continually stimulated and a large fund of advanced knowledge would be accumulated. Air-mindedness can best be developed by encouraging the flying clubs and schools by extending the present system of subsidies. There remains what I have called the superstructure of aerodromes and first line aeroplanes.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

The Degeneracy of Pacifism

By Rupert Strong

ONE of the leading archaeologists of modern times has pointed out that the downfall of all great dynasties has been caused by the degeneracy of their people. It is, therefore, imperative that those who love the British Empire should effectively deal with the first symptoms of racial decay in the English people.

Pacifism is a term that covers most of these symptoms. It was a form of pacifism that wrecked the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman and other mighty empires of bygone ages. Should England become an insignificant island with a great past, pacifism will have wrought that change.

The people of other dynasties realised too late the dangers of this canker. They lost their hold on life; they grew soft. The men became effeminate and the women lost their virtue. Then warlike nations came with flame and sword and established new empires in the world. This has been the story of every epoch. But it must never be the story of the British Empire.

The men and women of the rising generation must destroy this spirit of pacifism. They must crush it in the bud. Delay may mean the sacrifice of freedom and national prestige; weakness may cause a disaster unparalleled in history.

THE PACIFIST BREED

There are, of course, several types of pacifist. These include men who would refuse to fight in any circumstances—according to Canon H. R. L. Sheppard there are 50,000 Englishmen now pledged never to take part in another war—those who despise the British uniform, but who would don Geneva khaki, people who want to give away the Empire and all those who belong to the school of "peace at any price."

Surely historians have thrown sufficient light upon the miseries of conquered races to show these so-called peace lovers that utopias cannot be established upon earth by men who have lost their fighting spirit. They have shown that greatness can only be held by strength of arms. When Assyria was great her people were considered the happiest beings in the world; when Athens was the hub of the universe the Greeks excelled in literature and art and were considered the most cultured men on earth. But well might Solon say "*if any other come that hath better iron than you he will be master of all this gold.*"

Whether we like it or not, it must be admitted that the people of England are growing soft. They overestimate the value of palliatives and comforts. The men are deteriorating physically. It is becoming the fashion to take the line of least resistance in political and social life. All these degenerate features are shadows of pacifism.

Let us, for a moment, consider the following extract from a speech by Mr. Disraeli:—

When I remember that upon the common sense, the prudence, and the courage of the community thus circumstanced (*he was referring to the British nation*), depends the fate of uncounted millions in Asian provinces, and that around the globe there is a circle of domestic settlements that watch us for example and inspiration . . . I declare I often wonder where is the strength of thought and the fund of feeling that are adequate to cope with such colossal circumstances.

It seems, that nowadays, the British nation has far less prudence and courage than it had in the last century. Mr. Disraeli might weep instead of wonder were he alive to-day, because on every hand he would see unchecked forces working for the overthrow of these colossal circumstances.

The time has come to show the people of England that they are living in a fool's paradise. Foreign nations can only appreciate our worth in terms of armies, navies and air forces; they respect might; but like the young bulls of a herd, they are always waiting for opportunities to supplant their leader and each other.

We must break away from that impotent debating society—the League of Nations—which was originally intended to act as a force capable of stopping wars. It has already shown that it is incapable of doing this. We have seen the League humiliated by determined nations, forsaken by trusted members and made the laughing stock of self-respecting powers. Yet millions of Englishmen have been bamboozled into thinking that the road to security lies through Geneva.

COURAGE UNDERMINED

Actually the only people who have anything to gain by supporting this institution are those members of insignificant countries who share a water pistol, a megaphone and three farthings among five of their kind.

Pacifists have so played upon the feelings of the masses that they have led them to think that fighting is the most horrible and despicable action of which humanity is capable. Their stories about modern warfare have undermined the courage of thousands upon thousands of young men. This exaggerated fear of war will inevitably produce a race of defeatists, unless all the powers of propaganda are used to rouse the old fighting spirit of England.

I do not believe that the soldier of the twentieth century requires more courage to face his enemies than did a Roman legionary or a Spartan at the pass of Thermopylae or a Macedonian spearman standing in the front rank of a phalanx. It has always required immense courage to look death in the face.

Fighting has always had its hideous side. But men were born to love and hate, to fight and die. We cannot revolt against our destiny. We cannot explain why thousands of innocent people should perish suddenly in earthquakes or typhoons, we cannot explain any more the origin of sin than the inevitability of war.

Defensive measures serve little purpose among a people who have lost their military disposition. Thus, the civilian who has the greatest regard for peace should also do most to encourage the love of arms.

In bygone days women played an important part in the cultivation of masculine qualities. They despised weaklings and praised all forms of strength. But in the twentieth century the weedy youth or the pseudo-intellectual can find an unlimited number of admirers among the fair sex. Many women have been led to believe that the peace

by which they set so much store, can never be achieved until men have lost their fighting spirit.

This is the greatest fallacy of the age. It is a product of the muddled thinking of people who have never studied the experiences of their forefathers, and it shows that they have the shallowest knowledge of life.

Surely the fact that the British Isles have not been invaded since 1066 should be sufficient to convince people that security lies in strength of arms. If we are strong we may avoid war or, at least, acquit ourselves creditably; but if we are weak our cities will be bombed, our people ravaged by foreign soldiers, our Empire will become the spoil of tyrants and our children will live in perpetual mourning for the past.

We must root out this canker of pacifism before it is too late. We must spare no expense in providing the means of security.

Eve in Paris

THE solemn rites of remembrance, glorifying the nation's heroic dead, were performed on the forenoon of Armistice Day at the Arc de Triomphe, with dignity and in peace.

Colonel La Roque mustered his 25,000 Croix de Feu, wearing their bérêts and blue armlets, very early; their march past the grave of the Unknown Soldier took over two hours. This is the force detested by the Front Commun who will demand its suppression when Parliament meets.

Before eleven, the President of the Republic drove up, accompanied by M. Laval who was cheered; enthusiastic shouts also welcomed the Italian soldiers in red garibaldis, who had fought together with the French in the Argonne.

Gardes Mobiles surrounded the Arc, and lined converging avenues: there were Police innumerable, but no disturbances. It was different in the afternoon when the Front Commun marched up the Champs Elysées to the Cenotaph.

The Left wing "Anciens Combattants" had boycotted the morning's official parades, as a protest against the cut in their pensions. Led by Professor Rivet, Piot, Député de Paris, ex-Minister Rivollet, General Pouderoux, and two dozen other officers in uniform, they walked behind the chairs of the "Grand Mutilés" and were saluted with the clenched fist gesture of the Communists by excited comrades.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY it was discovered that members of the "Solidarité Française" were in the Restaurant Fouquet, and in the Colisée Café. These establishments were promptly attacked by mobs displaying the Red Eglantine on their breast; windows were smashed, cries of "Les Soviets Partout!" resounded and in the avenue and streets nearby pandemonium reigned.

The police intervened, arrests were made, the wounded removed. Complying with hints from

high quarters, newspapers in general made light of the affair, some calling it small scuffles. But wise men note with dismay that the Great Day no longer unites Frenchmen in fraternal sympathy, but is used for political manifestations and exhibitions of class hatred.

* * *

THE popular Polish Ambassador and Madame Chlapowski have just given their last reception in Avenue Tokio. The Embassy must be demolished, like the nearby Trocadéro Palace, to give place to a Palais d'Art, which will form a notable feature of the 1937 Exhibition.

More to be regretted than the building is the wonderful old tree which gave it the name of "Hotel du Cèdre." Brought from Lebanon to the great botanist Bernard de Jussieu, and planted in 1730, it forms one of the sylvan landmarks of Paris, and Anatole France, formerly an habitué of the house, has described the beauty of the old cedar, and the view of the Seine glimpsed through its branches, in "Le Lys Rouge."

The interior of the mansion is not of great interest, and M. Chlapowski, standing under a remarkable portrait of Jean Sobieski, the Polish hero-King, declared he was not sorry to leave it for his new residence, the princely Hôtel de Sagan.

* * *

THE Salon d'Automne of 1935 exhibits the work of 2,000 artists, many of whom obviously have mistaken their vocation, for masterpieces are few and hard to discover in a mass of mediocre productions.

Frantz Jourdain, who founded the Exhibition thirty years ago, as a protest against the tyranny of classical tradition and academic art, and grouped around himself such men as Bonnard, Carrière, Cézanne, and Gauguin, created a sensation and a scandal with his revolutionary ideas. But the Master and his creation grew old together; he died

a few months ago, aged 88, and the Salon d'Automne is now "bourgeois," respectable, and dull.

A new system of classification of the pictures has been adopted this year. The painters are grouped according to their age. "Les Anciens," those of from forty-five to fifty; those of forty; and the young.

A difficulty arose about the women exhibitors. Who would dare to ask them their age? No one, apparently, and they are classed according to their tendencies.

There are some fine portraits; that of Frantz Jourdain by Albert Besnard, and Maurice Asselin's Docteur Rehm; Constant le Breton has painted the writer, Fernand Fleuret, with admirable skill, and Lotiron has made a charming picture of Hélène Marre.

Van Dongen has lost none of his mastery over the brush, as is shown in the demure damsel he exhibits, clothed in a voluminous white robe from which only her small head, finger tips, and one naked foot emerge. To introduce a note of colour he deemed necessary, the painter has placed a blue dog at her feet.

CERTAIN streets of Paris presented an extraordinary sight last week. The thoroughfares from Porte Maillot, as far as Place de la Concorde, was lined ten deep with excited people, the agile perching in the trees of the avenues.

Quiet, elderly people were alarmed. A monster political demonstration, doubtless, and no telling how such may end, nowadays. "Les Sportifs" were wiser. They knew this to be a demonstration, staged by *Paris Soir* against the French Athletic Federation, which has refused to recognise the amateur status of the popular idol, Jules Ladoumègue, or to let him compete as an amateur in racing.

Therefore the great middle-distance runner ran alone, and covered the distance of 3,352 metres in nine minutes 53 seconds, without effort, so perfect was his condition, so beautiful his light athletic frame, which seemed hardly to touch the ground and had a grace of motion associated with racing hounds or gazelles.

When he arrived at Place de la Concorde, 40,000 admiring enthusiasts awaited him and, breaking the police cordon, appeared likely to kill their hero with kindness.

End of a Birdcatcher

By Dan Russell

ALF. HAWKINS described himself as a bird fancier. All around the walls of his dirty little shop were cages in which goldfinches, greenfinches and linnets fluttered and beat their wings. These tiny prisoners had been taken from the fields and hedges of the countryside and condemned to spend the rest of their brief lives behind prison bars. A heart-rending sight was that little shop with its stock in trade of feathered misery. And sometimes, in the evening, you would hear shrill cries of pain from the dark back room, for Alf. Hawkins believed that no bird would sing unless it were blind.

Often you would see him setting off with two suit cases for a trip to the country, for Alf. caught his own birds. In these suit cases were nets and cages, carefully hidden, for this trade was against the law. Never had Alf. been caught, but he knew full well the penalty for his horrid business.

It was on a bright day in spring that he set forth to a trapping ground which was new to him. He went by train, and before noon was tramping along a desolate country road. All around him were the trees and hedges, green and lush with rising sap. All around him were the fresh beauties of the English spring. But Alf. Hawkins had no eye for beauty: he was out on business.

He reached a little wooded dell which he had noted on a previous journey. Here he halted and ate his lunch. Then he opened his cases and set to work. He took out several small cages and a

complicated arrangement of nets. The cages he hid beneath the bushes and the nets he set in an open space. Then from one of the cases he took a smaller cage. In this cage was a linnet, a poor, forlorn scrap of feathers. Its eyes were dull and sunken. I have told you that Alf. Hawkins believed in blinding his birds. He placed the cage in position and hid himself with the net line in his hand.

The decoy bird felt the grateful warmth of the sun on its tiny body. Its sightless eyes brightened and it began to chirp.

Very soon its call was answered. A troop of linnets heard that little voice and, drawing near, espied the stranger. They descended to join in his song. Alf. pulled the line and the net closed over them. He put the captives in his cages where they fluttered and pecked in unavailing attempts to escape.

Four times did he pull that cord and each time his net was full. Four and twenty prisoners pecked with bloody beaks at the restraining wires. But, although he did not know it, Nemesis was stalking Alf. Hawkins.

High in the air above that dell floated a tiny speck which veered and circled as though searching the ground beneath. But Alf. Hawkins did not see that restless speck, nor, if he had, would he have known what it was.

That mote against the blue sky was a peregrine falcon, the fiercest, most terrible killer of the skies.

One thousand feet above the earth he flew on slow-moving wings. But even at that great height the fierce yellow eyes missed no movement upon the earth so far below. They saw each leaf and twig in the dell; they saw the open net and in that net they descried the decoy linnet.

The falcon ceased its circling and peered intently down at the captive bird. Then, without fuss or flurry, the killer of the skies tipped himself over into the grand stoop.

Down he went like a dropped stone, the wind hissing and whistling through his pinions. The narrow, back-curved wings flickered to increase that stupendous velocity. Down, down he hurtled like a gray missile of death from the sky. Now he was only five hundred feet above the earth and his speed was over one hundred miles an hour. His wings flickered again and his speed increased . . .

Alf. Hawkins was dozing in his hiding place when the crash woke him to startled activity. He jumped to his feet in alarm. The decoy cage was smashed to fragments and the blinded occupant was free at last—it lay headless some five yards away. The net was closed, and struggling in its meshes was a large grey bird. Alf. Hawkins ran forward.

Now Alf. may have been a bird fancier, but he was no ornithologist. Those fierce yellow eyes,

the hooked beak, the crooked talons, all signs of the aristocracy of the bird, meant nothing to him. It was just another bird in his net. In his mind was some vague idea that he had caught a pigeon. But he was soon to find he had caught a tartar.

He reached out his naked hand and clutched the falcon. And as he did so a set of sharp, hook-like talons sank deep into the flesh. He yelled with pain and drew back his hand. But the peregrine held on and the movement only served to bring the bird nearer to the man's face.

In an instant that razor-sharp beak had slashed twice and the man's cheek was laid open to the bone. Another stab and another sent Alf. Hawkins reeling back in agony, his face between his hands. The hawk flew off, mounting in rapid circles to the freedom of the upper air.

The man staggered moaning round the clearing, and cannoned into the pile of cages. They fell on their sides, the doors flew open and the four and twenty little captives were free. With glad chirpings they flew off to the open fields and hills. High in the sky sailed the peregrine falcon, and in the dell sat Alf. Hawkins, his face buried in his hands. Never again would he catch the songsters of the country and blind them with a needle, for he too was blind. The beak of the falcon had found his eyes and in the sockets was a red emptiness. The career of the birdcatcher was over.

Good Reading

By R. L. Mégroz

EVENING shadows fall earlier every day, and in spite of the competition of other pastimes, we may assume that winter brings with it more book-reading as well as fires and lamp-light. Publishers and booksellers seem to think so, for the new catalogues of books and the newly-dressed shop windows make eloquent appeals to all good readers at this time of the year. There are pessimists and sceptics who ingeniously find food for gloomy thought in the very increases of book production and the spread of that remarkable phenomenon, the twopenny lending library, which is regarded in some quarters as a pernicious rival of the more serious public lending library.

Undeniably there are grounds for wishing that a higher level of public taste in reading might prevail, and that of the vast quantity of new books issued, a smaller proportion of them should be rubbish. The false or non-existent psychology in crime "thrillers" and reams of sentimental gossip about cardboard men and women in the day-dreaming type of women's fiction accounts no doubt for much of the most recent totals given us by statistics of our reading, such as 49 books a day all the year round published on an average, and 136 millions of books borrowed in a year from the public libraries alone.

After admitting all this, I fail to share the gloomy view expressed in some quarters about the cultural failure of the modern age and the dying out of intelligence in reading. It has always been

true that a majority of readers prefer, or at least are satisfied, with unintelligent or sensation-mongering books.

Analogies that rely upon past periods when comparatively few books were printed were false, for two reasons. One is the telescopic effect of the passage of time, which leaves in view of the hasty searcher only the enduring works of the past and does not show the greater quantity of ephemeral literature that soon sank into oblivion but enjoyed popularity first. If we go back as far as the Elizabethan age even, it can be shown that the quantity of bad and false writing that was printed (when comparatively so little was printed) much exceeded the good which has endured.

If due allowance is made for the insufficiency of elementary education unless followed up by cultural influences as the student grows up, the amount of really good reading that is done provides support for the optimistic view. Think of the innumerable cheap re-issues of English classics as well as the many libraries of reprints in which appear the pick of the books published this century. Think again of the number of contemporary authors—novelists, story-writers, poets, historians, biographers, memoirists, explorers—whose names are well known only because their books are bought on a reasonable scale, and read (when you examine the number of library borrowings of most of them) by anything from 20,000 to 200,000 readers.

£20,000,000

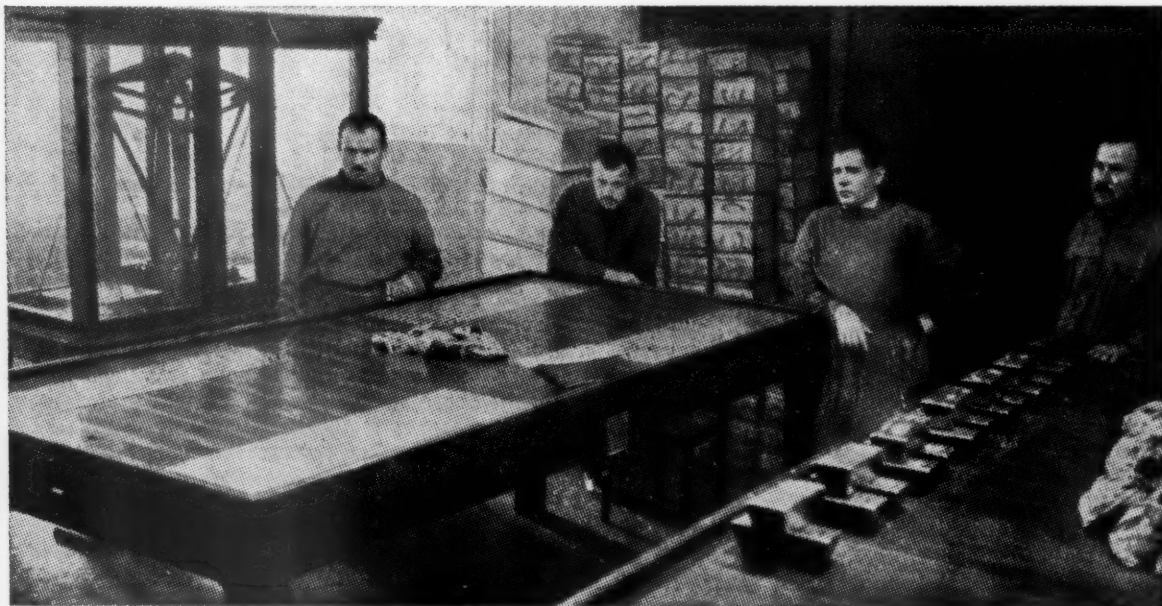
FOR ^{an} AN ^{Sanctions} "SANCTION"

THE news that the Government are contemplating a loan of £10,000,000 or £20,000,000 to Soviet Russia is staggering, almost unbelievable. And yet it appears that discussions have been going on at the Board of Trade during the last fortnight attended by representatives of the Soviet, and members of the Foreign Office, the Treasury and the Exports Credit Guarantee Department. The fact that these discussions have only been published now that the Elections are over, is in itself alarming, but the fact that the British Government seriously contemplate handing over from £10,000,000 to £20,000,000 to the butchers and murderers of the Kremlin passes all belief. Are the Government really so naive as to suppose that they will receive any return for their money? Do they believe that any promises and assurances made by Moscow will be kept? Is it possible that at a moment when they are imposing Sanctions on Italy they would contemplate this gesture of friendship to the Soviet?

One would have thought that no moment could have been more unpropitious, but yet the headlines in the *Daily Herald* assure us that the "Granting of either long term credits or of a loan to the Soviet Government is at last under serious consideration." They tell us also that the "Soviet Government are not very interested in short term credits" and that they "would like a loan of £20,000,000 repayable in ten or fifteen years for which they would willingly pay six or seven per cent. interest."

On April 20th of this year, Mr. Victor Cazalet, who, until then had always been a bitter opponent of any rapprochement with the Soviet, wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*. "As one who was consistently opposed both to the political and economical rapprochement with the Soviet Government" he said "I believe that the time has come when this attitude is neither helpful to the peace of Europe nor to the trade of the country." That Mr. Cazalet should write these words was a great surprise to his friends, but his proposal that the British Government should guarantee a loan to the Soviet which could be raised at three per cent. and lent to Russia at six per cent., the difference between the two rates of exchange to be paid to the private creditors of Russia, was still a further shock to those who knew him personally and were cognisant of his former violently antagonistic attitude towards the Soviet. It would be interesting to know who influenced Mr. Cazalet in this matter.

The Treasury are, however, not entirely in agreement with Mr. Cazalet's plan and other suggestions have been put forward, for instance, a series of long term credits guaranteed by the British Government, or failing this, the granting of more liberal trade credit facilities. Neither of



SOVIET ATTEMPTING TO BUILD UP A GOLD RESERVE. This illustrates a room in the State Bank at Moscow, showing gold pigs and new ten gold-rouble pieces, laid out on tables ready for weighing.

N ENEMY— ONS" FOR A FRIEND!

By . . .
MERIEL BUCHANAN

these proposals would benefit the British creditors whose money and goods were confiscated by the Soviet.

Russia's private debt to England already amounts to £300,000,000, and this does not take into account the Imperial Russian War Debt which amounts to another £1,066,480,000. How can there then be talk of lending Russia more money, when she has never made any attempt, and never means to make any attempt, to pay back these huge sums?

There is also the question of the Lena Gold Fields in which a large sum of English money was invested and confiscated by the Soviet. In this case judgment was given by the English courts against the Soviet for about £13,000,000, a sum which the Soviet undertook to repay, but which, needless to say, still awaits settlement.

There can be no doubt that some powerful and evil secret organisation directly in touch with the Soviet is working in England now, an organisation which is probably in touch with the Ogpu and the Komintern, and is working in conjunction with the Soviet Embassy in London. It is certain anyhow that Monsieur Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, has been greatly interested, and a Mr. Rosengoltz, the head of a big industrial organisation, is also mentioned in conjunction with the question.

To bring up a proposal of a loan to Russia at such a moment is a proof either of an incredible want of tact or of a wanton and deliberate desire to further embitter the situation and make the strained feelings, already existing between Italy and England, even more strained. How will Italy view such a move at a moment when Sanctions have been imposed upon her, Sanctions which as she knows only too well are the direct result of England's attitude at Geneva?

During the last few weeks I have again and again repeated the warning that it is Russia who is dictating this policy of Sanctions, and that it is Litvinoff, that wily and evil trickster of the Soviet, who has decoyed both Mr. Eden and Sir Samuel Hoare, and is using them for his own ends. The abysmal ignorance of the general public on this subject is almost unbelievable. Very few know



M. MAISKY, Soviet Ambassador in London. A hitherto unpublished portrait.

who Litvinoff is. Hardly any of them realise the power of the Soviet. They do not know how far-reaching that power is. They will not believe in the inexhaustible hatred that plots and schemes unceasingly for the destruction of civilisation, the greed and ambition that dreams of world power. Russia has two aims: the overthrow of the British Empire, the extermination of Italy. Through Sanctions she will attain both her objectives, for war between Italy and England will be almost inevitable, and what the end of that war will be no man can foresee.

Only one thing is certain, it will mean the end of the England we have known and loved and taken pride in, the end of the present Constitutional Government, the end of the Monarchy. That is what Litvinoff, so intimate and friendly with Mr. Eden, is hoping for; that is why he has so sedulously forced Sanctions on the League of Nations, knowing very well that they will pave the way to war and revolution. Litvinoff and his fellow assassins in the Kremlin have de-

stroyed one Royal Family, they are making use of the present European situation in order to further their hellish plans and do away with the English Royal family.

Let English men and women remember the tragedy of Ekaterinberg. Let them recall it with a shudder of horror and sympathy. Let them go down on their knees and pray that such a fate may not overtake our King and Queen. Let them pray that the Ministers who have been re-elected to power may be governed by wiser counsels and may

save our country from irretrievable disaster. Pray that they may cast off some of the shibboleths that cling on to that word "National," the slogans of "General Disarmament," "Collective Security," and above all "Sanctions," and that they may adopt instead the old traditions of Conservatism, the old ideals that made England the greatest of all Nations, a nation who would certainly have had no dealings with the murderers and assassins who now govern Russia and are striving by underhand methods to govern by first destroying us.

London's Own River

By Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

POOOR old Father Thames! He gets little privacy these days. First we have a census taken of his fish life at the Estuary; then there is a scheme to restock the Thames with salmon from the River Severn, after about a century's flow without such noble fish. The notorious mitten-crab of the Continent, carrier of a human lung disease, has now occurred in the Thames Estuary. Engineers are putting forward a £7,000,000 scheme to dam the river at Woolwich so ships can enter and leave the London docks, and pass in and out through the dam-locks, instead of at present having their activities curtailed by the tides.

There was John Evelyn's famous booth-fair on the frozen Thames of January 9th, 1684; there were King Charles and his offspring having their cards printed by the printing presses on the frozen Thames of January 31st, 1684; there was the Prince of Wales watching the roasting of the ox on the frozen Thames of January 19th, 1716; there were the cock-fights, horse-races, coach-races, boxing, and even a menagerie on the frozen river from Putney to Shadwell in 1788, while on the ice from Blackfriars to London Bridge they built a "City road" with donkeys for hire at a shilling a ride.

Never Again Icebound

However cold the winter, the Thames will not freeze at London again owing to the alteration of the bridges since the 1895 icing. Time was, however, in the past when the North Sea was land and the Thames flowed up that low lying plain, through a channel out to the deep trough by Norway.

The upper parts of the Thames at Pangbourne and Abingdon contain some of the finest stretches of coarse-fishing water in the country and have twice been the scene of the great All-England Angling Championship. At the London docks such fresh-water fish as trout, roach, carp, pike, dace, bream, eels and sticklebacks have been taken since the war. At the Thames Estuary, Dr. Murie's survey of fish life has shown that off Leigh salmon-trout may still be taken, sturgeon are fairly common, and there are fifteen species of flatfish, eleven of cod, six of herring, the whitebait there are famous, while the rare visitors include swordfish, pilot fish, flying fish and sea-horses.

There are a number of records of Thames whales,

quite apart from one killed at the Nore and towed up the estuary for exhibition at London Bridge—where Dr. John Hunter's ambitious assistant slipped into its cavernous mouth during inspection, and nearly died of suffocation. In November, 1814, one was taken off Deptford Pier. In 1887 a specimen of Rudolph's Finwhale was stranded in the Thames at Tilbury, and the following year one in the Medway.

The Thames salmon-fishers of Frank Buckland's days, and which fish Izaak Walton declared the finest salmon in the land, are no more. Last century there were salmon ladders at Mousley (Hampton Court) and at Teddington, and from 1870-73 Frank Buckland and his associates stocked the river with over a hundred thousand young salmon and trout! Their hatching ponds were at Hampton and the rearing ponds near Sunbury. One hundred and fifty years ago the Thames salmon-fishermen could be seen hauling up their boats at Barton; and there is still a Thames salmon-fishing season.

Gulls of the Thames

As for the gulls of the Thames—black-heads that in winter come to London, not only from British gulleries but, as ringing has shown, from many of the Baltic gulleries in Sweden, Finland, Lapland, Russia, Germany, Denmark—at night they roost on the reservoirs at Staines and Tring. There are also the herring-gulls, kittiwakes, common gulls and occasionally the skuas, and at the estuary greater black-backs—they have received far more publicity than they are worth.

Nor is the bird life of Father Thames confined to the gulls. In winter such seaduck as the scaup, scoter or black duck, the red-breasted merganser, and very occasionally the smew and the long-tailed duck, come up to London. At times you may watch the mergansers diving for flatfish, at which they are very successful, but they very rarely enjoy the fruits of their labours, for as soon as they come up to the surface to swallow the fish in their beaks, the gulls that have been waiting for them overhead swoop down and snatch the fish from their very mouths.

Just before the war an old Greenwich fowler shot six wild geese not far from Greenwich Hospital; in 1926 two wild-fowlers got 44 wigeon duck in an evening flight at the estuary, while in the 1929-30

winter two punt-gunners off the Essex coast got 106 wigeon in a double discharge.

Where the Thames ends is a moot point. Some agree to the buoy and lighthouse of the Nore as the terminus: others prefer a line drawn north from Yanlet creek, six miles nearer the city, and the boundary to the Port of London. Under the latter ruling, the Medway is not a Thames tributary.

Not till 1489 did the Government take any interest in the Thames, when its control was vested in the Lord Mayor of London, who cared for the

lower and neglected the upper parts of the river. In 1886 the Thames Conservancy Board came into being with absolute power over all the river, its locks and its traffic, and in 1908 its jurisdiction was confined to the upper Thames, and that of tidal Thames to the Port of London. The upper Thames has some 100 miles of picturesque navigable water, and unlike almost any other famous river outside England, it is maintained by the Government with but nominal tolls.

Father Thames is liquid history.

Vengeance Is Mine!

By Dominic

KILLING for vengeance is not only pardonable in Corsica; it is admirable. The unforgivable crime, as André Spada, former king of the bandits, found, is killing for profit. Spada was executed.

The Corsican Deputies who fought a duel in Paris recently went through no empty form of mummery. Each felt his honour outraged, and each shot to kill.

Corsicans are the proudest race in the world. Not for nothing was Napoleon a Corsican. Not for a moment did he forget his nationality. In his Memoirs, written at the zenith of his power, he spoke wistfully of his island home: "*A l'odeur seule je devinerais La Corse, les yeux fermés.*"

The islanders have two passions—love of country and love of honour, as they understand it. Their history is the history of an unending struggle for just one thing—freedom.

They have evolved a system of justice of their own—primitive, like themselves, and suited to their needs. The vendetta is the logical outcome of the ancient Mosaic law—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. That is the creed to which they have subscribed through the centuries.

Corsican honour is so sensitive a thing that an insult can be wiped out only by blood. And the avenger who kills his foe, far from being regarded as a murderer by his compatriots, would be despised were he to allow a slight to go unpunished.

The islanders, though courteous to the stranger, hospitable to a degree, independent, and proud as Lucifer, are among themselves quarrelsome, impulsive, and absurdly touchy. Almost anything can constitute an insult. And for that there is only one atonement—death.

The first murder lays the foundation of a blood feud, involving automatically every member of the families concerned, and lasting until the protagonists are destroyed, root and branch.

"Shoot at sight" is the order of the day, and fearsome tales are told of bodies lying unburied in the streets for weeks or months, because relatives or friends dared not show themselves abroad.

At one time the number of murders reached the colossal total of over 28,000 in thirty years! This in an island whose total population never exceeded 288,000!

But there is nothing of Chicago about Corsica. Only one reason is recognised for killing—vendetta. Crime, in the ordinary sense of the word, is practically unknown.

Once a vendetta has been declared, there is but one way to end it. Sometimes it happens that the entire population of a village is involved, and a priest has to be called in to mediate in the quarrel. If his efforts at reconciliation should prove successful, the leaders of the contending parties take a solemn oath before the altar that the feud is over.

If this last resource fails, it is war to the death. Men have been known to swear that their beards shall be allowed to grow until they have avenged the death of a relation.

"Vengeance is mine" is a living reality to every Corsican. In the old days—not so very long ago—it was the custom for the bloodstained shirt of a murdered man to be preserved and shown at intervals to his young children, until they grew old enough to wash out the stain with the blood of his murderer.

Even to-day, firearms are more generally used in Corsica than anywhere else—with the possible exception of Chicago. Every shepherd carries a gun while guarding his sheep—not for fear of sheep-stealers, but just in case there should be a shooting party! Travelling pedlars sling guns from their shoulders along with their wares.

Shop windows bristle with firearms. Every small Corsican boy who does not already own a gun is saving up to buy one. Just in case. . . .

Hundreds of islanders have had to spend their whole lives as outlaws, because they once fancied themselves insulted, and had a gun handy. The famous brigands of whom one used to read were not necessarily desperadoes. They were not necessarily even habitual criminals. They were just men who had taken to the "maquis" rather than face a public trial for murder.

For, now that French rule prevails, the traditional law of vengeance is no longer the only law, and an "affair of honour" is regarded as plain murder.

It is a point of view which the hot-headed Corsican finds it difficult to understand.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

THE Hanoverian epoch in British history has had its full share of chroniclers and commentators; but Sir Charles Petrie has still found much to add to our sum of knowledge about it in his researches ("The Four Georges: a Revaluation," Eyre & Spottiswoode, illustrated, 12s. 6d.).

The merit of his book is that he deliberately ignores the ordinary dry-as-dust material of the history books and sets himself out instead to present us, by means of contemporary evidence, with realistic pictures of Hanoverian England.

The period of which he treats is just over a century—from 1714 to 1830. It was a period of vast changes and important developments, including the birth of an industrial England, the loss of the American colonies and the foundation of a new Empire with conquest in India and Canada, the saving of Europe from the menace of a Napoleon and the firm establishment of Britain's naval supremacy.

A Degraded Age

With so glorious a vista ahead, it was ironic that the century should have opened with such a scene of degradation and depravity as the England of the first two Georges so blatantly exhibited.

The corruption of politics through the unscrupulous manoeuvres of a Whig oligarchy to establish themselves permanently in power, combined with the people's lack of enthusiasm for a foreign dynasty foisted upon them, produced an enervating effect on the public conscience. And London afforded the worst example of the general demoralisation.

"Londoners," says Sir Charles, "in the first two reigns were more debased and depraved than in any other period of English history."

If Sir Charles is inclined to let his strong Jacobite sympathies over-stress the popular feeling for the Jacobite cause, and if he is less than fair to George III in the summing up of his characteristics, these are after all not very serious blemishes in a book which is illuminating on so many aspects of eighteenth century life.

Here is a little sidelight which shows that the nut-cracking propensities of Elizabethan audiences had been handed down the centuries:

If the House of Commons was less regimented than in more recent times it was also much less well behaved. Members were in the habit of cracking nuts, eating oranges, lying on the benches, and going up into the galleries for a doze.

Charles I and Cromwell

Mr. G. M. Young has written a brilliant and scholarly essay round "Charles I and Cromwell" (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.).

In undertaking this his object, he explains, is to solve the puzzle how the situation of the King in the summer of 1647 changed so radically in a few months as to pave the way for his subsequent execution:

"The King personally, the Monarchy politically, were as safe in the summer of 1647 as Queen Victoria

and her Monarchy in the summer of 1847. All the signs pointed to a brilliant and popular restoration of the King. Yet, as we know, the prospect was dashed."

The answer to the riddle may perhaps be given in the two sentences of Mr. Young: "The King did not want terms, and the Anabaptists did not want a King." Charles "asked nothing more than to be the King which God had ordained him, for the sake of his people, to be, and he would accept nothing less."

Cromwell, Mr. Young points out in one notable passage, often in his "dizzying changes of front and the nerve storms which accompany them" recalls

"the great Queen whose subject he was proud to have been born, whose true successor he felt, and showed himself, to be. For what is Cromwell, once released from the servitudes, falsities and austerities of party, but a rustic Tudor gentleman, born out of due time, of the stock of Hunsdon and Henry Sidney, rejoicing in hawk and hound, pictures and music, Scotland subjugated, Ireland postrate and England, the awe of the Western world, adorned and defended with stout yeomen, honourable magistrates, learned ministers, flourishing universities, invincible fleets?"

Ardent Pilgrimage

Miss Cicely Hamilton has lived a life of courage and many activities and enthusiasms, and if she looks back on her ardent pilgrimage, or as she prefers to call it "Life Errant" (with twenty-two illustrations, Dent, 10s. 6d.) with a slightly wistful air, one suspects that much of the old ardour is there ready to break out when occasion offers provocation.

Thrown on her own resources at an early age, she was the architect of her own career and fortunes. She became successively a secretary, teacher, journalist, actress, playwright, public speaker and propagandist, and in more recent years a wanderer and traveller over Europe.

Her book is a sanely written, cheerful record of a courageous life.

A Dying Nomadic Race

The Lapps of Sweden and Norway are, according to the Swedish writer Sven Haglund ("Life Among the Lapps," translated by William Savage, Denis Archer, with seventy illustrations, 12s. 6d.), a dying race.

Their origin is mysterious; the view put forward in this book is that they are not Mongolians, as some people appear to think, but that they probably came from South Sweden and advanced northwards as the ice-edge began to recede at the close of the last glacial period.

What is certain is that they are a nomad race which has sturdily declined to forsake its old ways of life and prefers to follow its reindeer herds in trekking from Northern Sweden to the Norwegian coast and then back again to Sweden.

Herr Haglund left Stockholm one Easter and travelled some 500 miles north in order to catch a Lapp tribe before it began its migration. He spent some months in its company, and his copiously illustrated book contains a mass of interesting information regarding the habits and customs of this primitive people.

Latest Fiction

A NOVEL of unusual type, but distinguished for its delightfully facile style and the whimsical humour underlying its sharp and clear-cut presentation of character, is John Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" (Heinemann). It deals with a company of lovable, unmoral people belonging to a race of Californian cross-breeds and is one of the most entertaining books I have recently read.

Myron Brinig's "The Sun Sets in the West" (Cobden Sanderson) is a very fine, powerful story of a small mining town in America during a period of winter depression aggravated by a strike. The characters are all very much alive.

An impressive study of a great doctor's work for humanity is Mr. Laurence Oliver's "Jamie Simpson" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson).

To those interested in spiritual problems, Mr. J. D. Beresford's "On a Huge Hill" (Heinemann) will make a strong appeal because of the obvious sincerity with which it is written.

From Messrs. Harrap have come two novels of more than ordinary merit—"Fires in May," by Ruth Feiner, and "If They Fall," by Victor MacClure. The first concerns the adventures in England of a young German girl exiled from her native country. The other tells of the saving by a "woman of the town" of a young writer from the vice of drunkenness into which he has fallen.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON

Napoleon is the hero of Mr. Britten Austin's historical romance, "The Road to Glory" (Thornton Butterworth). It is a vividly written story of Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796 and is remarkable both for the accuracy of its historical facts and for the skill shown in portraying all the characters in this swiftly-moving drama—the young conqueror, Josephine and the Generals who were to become Napoleon's Marshals.

"Have a New Master," by Dacre Balsdon (Eyre & Spottiswoode), is a brilliantly satirical extravaganza of Public School Life, with a biting caricature of the ultra-modern headmaster in the principal rôle.

In "Tropic Rome" (Chatto & Windus) Mr. Douglas Kincaid revives for us the ancient glories of Goa under early Portuguese rule, with an imaginative insight into the past that compels one's admiration.

Other books I can recommend are:

"Till She Stoop," by Morna Stuart (Barker); "The Clown and His Daughter," by Halide Edib (translated from the Turkish, Allen and Unwin); "Sheldon's Way," by Wynard Browne (Cobden Sanderson); "Abram Lewis," by Alfredo Segre (translated by Una Lady Troubridge, Geoffrey Bles); "Roman Year," by Isabel C. Clarke (Hutchinson).

SHORT STORIES

"Round Up," by Ring Lardner (Williams & Norgate), comprises many of the best of that famous American writer's short stories.

Nine tales, one of which has never previously been published, are included in Miss Clemence Dane's "Fate Cries Out" (Heinemann). "Each

one," says Miss Dane in her preface, "is based on some moment in which his fate cried out to a real living human being."

Those who have read Mr. Wodehouse's Mulliner stories will welcome their collection in the form of a "Mulliner Omnibus" (Herbert Jenkins)—a veritable feast of laughter to carry one over dreary November and December days.

Lovers of the grim and eerie will be duly thrilled by "The Foghorn and Other Stories," by Gertrude Atherton (Jarrolds, 6s.).

Another short story collection revelling in horror is that entitled "My Grimmiest Nightmare," by Lady Cynthia Asquith and others.

"A Confessor of Women," by Harold Dearden (Heinemann), consists of a series of clever psychological studies, while "The Falconer's Voice" (Jarrolds) provides ample evidence of Miss Ethel Mannin's talents as a short-story writer.

THRILLERS

Anthony Trent is one of those thriller creations whose doughty deeds never fail to attract and hold the interest of the confirmed crime story reader. He has made his appearance again in Mr. Wyndham Martyn's "Criminals All" (Herbert Jenkins) and the story is in every way worthy of him and his ingenious and versatile creator. It is full of exciting incident and it reveals its main character as not only a courageous and highly astute criminologist, but also a very shrewd and sound commentator on such matters as the air-defencelessness of London.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has discovered yet another new line for himself in "The Battle of Basinghall Street" (Hodder & Stoughton). Here we have the hero revenging the sufferings that brought his father to the grave by exposing and ruining the unscrupulous business men responsible for that misery. The "battle," needless to add, is a fierce and thrilling one and the hero just such a romantic figure as Oppenheim readers love.

It looks as if Mr. Gordon Latta has got a little tired of his arch-criminal Arnholt, for we read of what appears to be his ending in "Exit Arnholt" (Geoffrey Bles). But perhaps we shall find later on in another book that Mr. Latta has managed to extricate him from the position of seemingly certain death in which he has so hard-heartedly placed him just for the moment. One can only hope so for the sake of the many exciting adventures which Arnholt's sinister activities create for the upholders of law and order.

Wild West stories do not always hail from America, but I have just received one from the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, U.S.A., which claims to be "based on true historical incidents of the West." It is called "The Bitterroot Trail" (illustrated by pen and ink sketches by L. D. Cram, \$2.50) and is by James W. Johnson. It is both a romance and a thriller, dating back to the time of the great gold rush in central Idaho. It is quite a good, readable story, with, one imagines, the genuine Wild West air about it.

CORRESPONDENCE

England Votes for Socialism

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I would like to add my vote of thanks, with thousands of others I am sure, for the plucky and patriotic way in which you have made such a noble stand for our dear country, in your *Saturday Review*.

I wish to God the Conservatives and others had taken your advice, and turned out the leaders. What are they but Soviet Agents? We are getting Sovietized quicker than the Briton imagines.

After Baldwin's beautiful speech to the Peace League, you would think the world was going to be another garden of Eden. But the world was never in such a chaotic condition as at present and the Election should have been fought on "Re-armament" and leaving the League of Nations.

I have not recorded my vote; they call it apathy on the part of Conservatives, I call it disgust.

If these leaders were not Russian agents, they would have such premises as those of *The Daily Worker* with its pernicious literature closed down, and not muzzle such great patriots as yourself whose whole aim in life is for the good of your country.

In my humble opinion now, there is only one person who can save the British Empire, and that is His Majesty, our beloved King, with the help of Almighty God who has never deserted those who trust in him and has been "Our Help in Ages Past."

F. M. HUTCHINS.

*The Chantry,
Olney, Bucks.*

Wanted—True Conservatives

SIR,—There was a Conservative Unionist Association Conference at Bournemouth the other day. What is this Association? The Delegates were designated (in the *Morning Post*) as National Unionists, as Unionists, and as Conservative Unionists. There is no such thing as a true Conservative Association. What exists at present is a mixture of half-breeds, and what is wanted is a rally of the thoroughbreds—for there are plenty of the true type—but unless they will rally to their true standard, in five years' time there will be no Conservative Party.

It would be interesting to know who was the wily snake, or snakes, who initiated the National Government, and instigated that there was to be no Party. Exactly. No party except the Socialist Party, and he or they have succeeded in making this National Government absolutely Socialistic in everything that has been carried out, and there are hints that in future it will be more so.

What we want are Conservative members who will be true to their Creed, and the electors who have the "true Conservative Cause" at heart should rally and join at once this Cause, which is out to secure the thoroughbreds only. No half-heartedness, and no more waiting. "Where there's a will, there's a way." But the Electors must have that will. It is for their own benefit, as well as for their country.

Perhaps those of your readers who are in agreement with the above, would kindly communicate with me.

E. MOUL.

Hollybank, Woking.

Retort Courteous

SIR,—Captain Sir Ian Fraser wrote to my son-in-law, an Italian whose business offices happen to be in his Constituency, asking for the loan of his car on Polling day. I thought my son-in-law's answer might interest your readers, it was as follows:—

"Dear Captain Fraser,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., and would have considered it a privilege to put my car at your disposal for the forthcoming Election. Unfortunately, however, if by then the threatened Economic Sanctions against Italian goods are enforced, I shall not be the possessor of the car, as it would mean the

end of my business activities. Wishing you every success,

Yours etc."

Here in Milan all the shops are refusing to serve any English goods and at Biffi's restaurant a printed notice is placed on each table to that effect such is the result of our insane policy at Geneva.

Hotel Cavour, Milano.

E. PLATT.

Be Prepared

SIR,—Apropos "The League of Nations, Pacifists, Utopians, Peace-mongers, Visionaries, Idealists, Conscientious Objectors, Lansburyites, etc., etc., etc."

Is universal peace or the brotherhood of man feasible in human affairs, in view of the innate or inherent and ineradicable proclivities of:—Love, hatred, envy, malice, jealousy, conflicting interests, aspirations and ambitions for power, might, dominance, authority and popularity, together with the inexorable competitive instinct influencing nations and individuals, involuntarily stimulated by the "First law of nature," i.e., self-preservation, conducive to the *Survival of the fittest*?

J. W. WHITBY.

161, Leam Terrace,
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

History's Naval Lessons

SIR,—The fine article by I. Shipton, which appeared on page 424 of the *Saturday Review* on 9th November, 1935, although splendid for its truth, its patriotism, and its policy—as applied to old times before 1920 when Navies ruled the world—unfortunately does not apply to to-day, as it fails to recognise that aircraft is now paramount, and that against modern bombers, ships, whether on the main or in harbour, can no longer protect themselves or their convoys.

Fleets are becoming obsolete, and if we had the 443 ships that Mr. Shipton regrets are no longer available, they could be wiped out by the persistent attack of, say, 400 heavy bombers each discharging four bombs, the cost of which at £3,000 each bomber, would amount to only £1,200,000—much below the cost of only one medium sized ship!

It is natural that our gallant Naval officers and men should be slow and loth to accept such a statement of the true position as above. Their life's teaching and experience having been in a different direction, in which the British Fleet was paramount. That position unfortunately is true no longer, as has been pointed out during the last eighteen months by Boyd Cable, myself, Jim Mollison, Norman Macmillan, Ward Price, Capt. Kennedy, Generals Smuts and Ludendorff, and many others, with ever accumulating proof of their correctness.

Therefore it is dangerous folly on our part to keep deluding ourselves with a fallacy, by doing which we are courting national disaster.

Confirming the above, a magnificent article by Capt. Norman Macmillan, President of our National League of Airmen, has appeared in the *Daily Mail* of 9th November, 1935, in which this patriotic writer, as one of the highest authorities, sets out our true position in lucid and burning words, which should be studied by every man and woman—his conclusions being absolutely incontrovertible.

H. COSTERTON.

Cedars Gardens, Brighton.

An Admiral's Tribute

SIR,—I wish well to the *Saturday Review*, and venture to say that my sympathies are entirely with Lady Houston's policy and personal ideas.

I always have recommended the *Review* to every one I know who does not already take it.

G. H. BROMWICK.
Engineer Rear Admiral (Retd.).

Ringstead, Harrietsham, Kent.

CORRESPONDENCE

Politics in Church

SIR,—At the 11 a.m. Armistice Day Service in a Surrey church, the clergyman in his sermon exhorted the congregation to join the League of Nations Union. It was clear that this was part of a pre-arranged plan as when the worshippers came out of church they were waylaid by agents of that body who canvassed them for their support.

I will not confuse the issue by making any comment upon the League of Nations Union as such; but, surely it is disgraceful that a solemn ceremony in a consecrated church should be used for political propaganda?

SURREY READER.

Christianity and the League of Nations

SIR,—In view of the support given to the League of Nations Union by many of the clergy in England, it is well to ask how far the League of Nations is influenced by Christian principles.

It is understood that the scheme of the Covenant of the League was originated by General Smuts. He showed his draft to President Wilson, who introduced it as his own idea to the delegates.

One wonders whether either of the sponsors were actuated by Christian considerations! They were hard-headed politicians, devising means for preventing their own countries from being involved in future wars. There is no reference in the Constitution of the League to Christianity; nor are Christian principles called in as a persuasive argument in League discussions. Thus, the appeals by certain of our clergy and George Lansbury to the League urging them to follow the "principles of the gospel of Christ" are well meant but futile.

Such an appeal would fall on deaf ears to Russia, Siam, Liberia, India and others of the motley assembly. Let us clear our mind from cant. If we wish to support the League from purely material reasons, well and good; but let us not confuse the issue by bringing in Christianity. Christian motives have no influence in the League of Nations Assembly and I challenge the League of Nations Union to prove that they have.

"SUBSCRIBER."

The Opportunist League

SIR,—The vacillating replies of some of our politicians when questioned about the League of Nations has been pitiful.

Previously to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's naïve admission that sanctions against Japan would have led to war within a month, Professor Gilbert Murray had explained that the League did not take action against Japan because "she was not sure that her interference would bring rapid success." Thus both admitted that the League is a mere collection of opportunists.

A recent election candidate when asked how we could accept the whole Covenant and re-arm at the same time, could not bear to cut the cable of Mr. Baldwin's "Sheet Anchor," and could only mumble with some trepidation that there was in the Covenant "a certain amount of elasticity."

Thus it seems that the Government has no secure moral foundation for its present policy.

Great Britain has been misled by her statesmen at Geneva, pretending to speak in the name of the British people and committing that people to a series of actions which they cannot conscientiously undertake. And all this at a time when Parliament was not sitting; and even Ministers did not think it worth while to interrupt their holidays! No personal individual protest was any use, letters to the newspapers could not all be published.

How dare we Britons repeat that we are "free" when we are sold into slavery by our Cabinet Ministers?

God help us! We have turned an age-long friend into an enemy, and have taken to our bosom an enemy

masquerading as a friend. We have deliberately turned from the ancient civilisation of Rome and thrown in our lot with the semi-barbarism of Soviet Russia.

M. J. DUNNE (MISS).

46, Buccleuch Street,
Glasgow.

Our Cabinet Maniacs

SIR,—On August 31st, 1914, Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, called on Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office and asked him whether Britain would remain neutral, provided that Germany did not invade Belgium.

Sir Edward's reply was that he could give no undertaking, but must be guided by circumstances and public opinion. That shuffling answer was largely responsible for Germany's subsequent actions. Had Sir Edward Grey definitely stated that, should Germany attack Belgium and France, British intervention was assured, the probabilities are that war would have been prevented.

The British Government of 1935 has committed the same unpardonable blunder in its handling of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute as did its groping prototype in its handling of the 1914 European crisis. Had Sir John Simon candidly informed Signor Mussolini, as far back as last April, that the invasion of Abyssinia by Italy would necessitate British intervention on Abyssinia's side and the application of economic sanctions followed, possibly too, by military ones, Italy would most certainly have behaved quite differently.

Now, however, it is too late for her to draw back. The die is cast and Mussolini has staked his personal reputation on the defeat of Abyssinia. Should he fail, his entire prestige in Italy will be irreparably blasted.

Rather than face such humiliation, he will, if driven to do so, declare war against the British aggressor. If he does that, the French may side with him and Germany too, if he agrees to give her a free-hand in Central and Eastern European affairs.

Abyssinia is now of far greater importance to Mussolini's personal prestige than is the ultimate fate of Austria.

There is only one way for Great Britain to save herself from being plunged into war with Italy, her former faithful ally. It is for Parliament to eject from office Mr. Baldwin and his maniacal Cabinet, and for the King to appoint a new Prime Minister. L. GRAHAM SCOTT.

Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road,
Kensington, S.W.7.

Shall Britain Support Slavery and Torture in Abyssinia?

Those opposed to the dangerous
policy of Sanctions against Italy

should join the

British-Italian Council for Peace and Friendship

F. VICTOR FISHER, Hon. Director

49, HAVERSTOCK HILL : LONDON, N.W.3

THEATRE NOTES

"The Three Sisters"

The Old Vic.

By Anton Tchechov

IT is not often that a serious play which deals with the tragedy of living and the mystery of life itself is received with such enthusiasm as was Henry Cass's production of "The Three Sisters" at the Old Vic. But then the audience was the Old Vic audience which prides itself on its discrimination and rewards its favourites lavishly.

It was certainly well worth seeing this production, but Tchechov calls for a smaller theatre. The players seemed very far away and it was certainly not their fault if sometimes the atmosphere seemed to lose itself in the vastness of the auditorium.

Miss Vivienne Bennett, Miss Marie Ney and Miss Nancy Hornsby were all excellent, although at times they appeared to be terribly aware of the tragedy of it all. I liked Cecil Truncer as the drunken Army doctor! this was a nice, unforced characterisation. Ion Swinley, Andrew Leigh, William Devlin and Keneth Kent completed a strong all round cast.

The settings by Bagnal Harris and the costumes designed by Betty Dyson helped to make Mr. Cass's production quite a memorable one.

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY



"White Cargo"

Cambridge Theatre

IN presenting a revival of "White Cargo" at the Cambridge Theatre, Miss Ida Molesworth offers the theatre-going public an excellent evening's entertainment. The play gives us a problem—that of our men in those isolated parts of the world where ordinary companionship of the opposite sex is unobtainable and where the climatic conditions and general circumstances of their work makes the particular companionship of their own sex unbearable. One attempt at a solution of this difficulty—with its disastrous consequences—is enacted before us and we are left wondering still what the answer can be.

Horace Hodges, as the doctor who is unable to exist except in a semi-drunken state, endowed that unfortunate character with such gentleness, understanding and quiet humour that our sympathies were all with him, while Franklyn Dyall, as the hard-bitten cynic who stayed, loathing every moment of every day, was as convincing in the part as only so fine an artist as he could be. Walter Sondes, "the young man who comes out" to join the encampment gave all he had in his performance and Olga Lindo as Tondeleyo, the half-caste who caused most of the trouble, achieved a most admirable piece of characterisation.

The play was effectively produced by Ida Molesworth, and judging by the enthusiasm of the audience when I was there, should remain at the Cambridge Theatre for a long time to come.

"Twenty to One"

Coliseum

MR. L. ARTHUR ROSE has written an amusing farce which should fill the Coliseum for some time to come. Whether it is in fact "the funniest musical sporting farce ever staged" (*vide programme*) is a question on which I should not like to dogmatise, but it is certainly very funny. Mr. Frank Eyton has written some amusing lyrics to Mr. Rose's libretto and Mr. Mayerl's music is pleasant and tuneful.

As is always the case with a show of this kind it is to the actors that the audience is most indebted. Mr. Lupino Lane is the giant of the evening and has rarely been in better form. Whether in miming, dancing or sheer knockabout, Mr. Lane is irresistible. He has an excellent foil in Mr. Clifford Mollison whose performance as Timothy Quaintance is a grand piece of fooling. Miss Joyce Barbour does some really good humorous work and Mr. Arthur Rigby, Junior, fills in an odd corner with distinction.

C.S.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel. A Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, bowling, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales. — Doly-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GOBE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFOUR HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1. — T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hawthob Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-. Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 5s; Rec., 5s. Pens., from 4s. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60s. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 8s. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone: 494711.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. —Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. —The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs view.—Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire. —Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10s; Rec., 2s. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX. —Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

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LYNTON, N. Devon. —Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16s; Rec., 3s. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

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THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road, Bed., 30s; Rec., 3s. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

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SHANKLIN, I.O.W. —Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14s; Rec., 3s. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS. —Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80s; Rec., 2s. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. —Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12s; Rec., 1s. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem. —Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25s; Rec., 3s. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Imperial Conference Plans

From an Australian Correspondent

WITH the British election over, a new Parliament in Canada, and another to be chosen this month in New Zealand, it will soon be necessary to consider arrangements for the next Imperial Conference.

When delegations from the Empire were here for the Jubilee celebrations, the end of 1936 or the beginning of 1937 was provisionally agreed upon as the time of the next meeting.

Though precedent was broken in holding the 1932 Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa, the general feeling among British and Dominion statesmen was that the next discussions could most conveniently be provided for in the capital of the Empire.

No doubt, any Dominion desiring to stage the Conference would have its claim sympathetically considered by Britain and the others. So far, there is no evidence of a desire to meet next time elsewhere than in London.

Canberra, as yet, has not completely assimilated the administrative functions of the Australian Commonwealth, some of whose departments are likely to remain in Melbourne.

The infant national capital also is inconveniently placed for the holding of a large inter-Imperial meeting. The obstacle of distance applies equally to Wellington and Cape Town; Ottawa, having conducted the previous conference, is unlikely to seek the honour of the next.

No "full" Imperial Conference has met since 1930, so that more than the customary interval of four years has elapsed. The Ottawa meeting was purely economic in scope.

Indeed, the present state of inter-Imperial relations and the way in which Dominion status has been defined, leaves little to be discussed on the constitutional aspects which once were so important a feature of Imperial Conferences.

Reconsideration of the agreements reached at the Ottawa Economic Conference is likely to head the agenda of the next meeting.

This will be preceded by inter-governmental negotiation on details long beforehand in regard to agreements expiring in 1937.

The principle of the free admittance to this country of manufactured goods from the Dominions, while British manufacturers are subject to tariffs overseas may also engage the Conference.

Already the National Union of Manufacturers is urging the adoption of the reciprocal principle, and seeking from its members details of the effect of the Ottawa agreements upon their respective industries.

Va Thonga

The Bantu Tribes of South Africa

A PEOPLE of wit, kindness and deep religious belief are the Bantu-speaking folk of Va Thonga, who inhabit the North and Eastern Transvaal.

They have developed tale-telling into a real dramatic art, says Henri Philippe Junod, B.A., B.D., in an introductory article to a remarkable series of photographic studies of the Bantu tribes by A. M. Duggan Cronin, printed by the Cambridge University Press (25/-).

There are about a million of the Va Thonga; fine, noble people whom civilisation is perplexing, but not yet destroying.

The race has an aristocratic, if primitive, culture of its own.

"Humorous riddles, an extraordinary number of proverbs, some full of wit, others deep as Solomon's wisdom, nicknames catching just the characteristic feature of a personality, such are some of the flowers in the garden of Thonga oral artistic production," says M. Junod.

Ancestor worship is a well defined religion, and M. Junod paints a picture of the village headman squatting on his heels in front of the sacred ancestor altar.

"He holds in his right hand the front leg of a goat about to be consecrated or slain, and he talks in the most natural way to the circle of his departed ancestors. He sees them squatting on their heels like himself, in their mysterious after-life . . . His prayer is entirely informal; he even takes his snuff box and offers a symbolic pinch to them. He talks to them as he might have done were they still alive."

Back to 1866

Canada and U.S.A. Trade

By G. Delap Stevenson

CANADA has just made a trade agreement with the United States and it is the first for seventy years.

During his election campaign Mr. Mackenzie King promised that he would get this agreement within three months, and he has actually done it in one month.

The Bennett Government had been carrying on negotiations for many months before it went out of office and had not succeeded in reaching an agreement, so Mr. Mackenzie King can tell the world he is a quick worker.

Complicated situations, however, do not generally unravel themselves just at the touch of a new hand.

The present agreement probably owes a good deal to the spadework of the previous Canadian Government. Also the fundamental clash of interests remains, and time will show

whether or not these have really been dealt with, whether they have made the agreement less important in practice than it is on paper, or whether they will be strong enough to wreck it in the future.

It should be pointed out that the present instrument is a trade agreement, a thing more easily overthrown than a formal treaty, on which, it is believed, Mr. Bennett was insisting.

The fact that it is seventy years since the last trade agreement between Canada and the United States shows the inherent difficulties in coming to terms.

It is a paradoxical situation. The two countries are closely united by race, language and similar traditions and culture. They shared pioneer conditions, a democratic atmosphere and a rather Puritanical religion, the three most potent forces in forming their national character and social life.

In climate and produce Canada and the northern States are very similar and the two peoples have the same way and standard of living.

It would seem natural that two countries so much akin should trade freely with each other without regard to the political barrier between them.

As far as finance is concerned there is in fact the closest connection. Wall Street and Montreal handle the same issues and Canada does most of her borrowing in the United States, a recent Government loan being the first to be launched in London for many years.

When it comes to trade, however, there is quite a different story and we find high and often prohibitive tariff barriers on both sides.

The explanation is that the very similarities between the countries mean that they are fierce competitors in the same produce, and the producers have worked on their respective Governments to shut out the goods of those competitors who were on the other side of the political boundary.

Dairy produce, potatoes, fish, cattle and lumber are Canadian exportable goods which are also produced in the States.

American manufactured goods should have a great market in Canada if it were not for the fact that the Canadians are also manufacturers.

Many Americans manufacture in Canada through their Canadian subsidiaries, and as American as well as Canadian capital is involved in these, the Americans themselves are not anxious to see them fail through a rush of imported goods.

The old reciprocal treaty with America was in force between 1845 and 1866 when industry and agriculture in both countries were less developed.

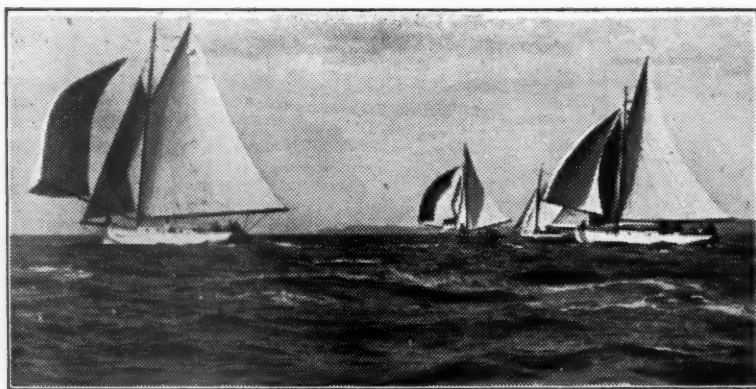
It began after England had dropped her policy of exclusive trade with her colonies.

Where Summer Reigns



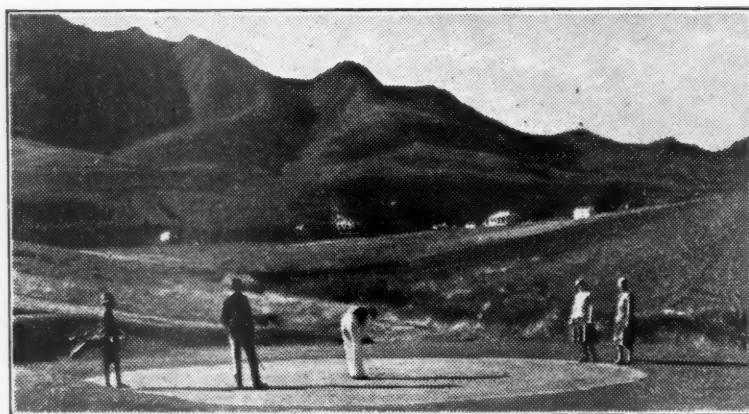
Fishing at Victoria. Australia is now enjoying the pleasures of summer.

NEW ZEALAND



New Zealand's Yachting Season is now in full swing.

SOUTH AFRICA



Rather warm for golf in South Africa, but this course near Capetown is high enough to be cool.

Soon, however, Canada began to want to develop her own manufactures, Confederation made her a larger self-contained unit and by the eighties she and the United States had established high tariffs against each other.

The next move in Canada was towards Empire preference, the first steps were taken at the end of the century, and the idea had been kept alive till, with the Ottawa agreement in 1932, England finally accepted the principle on her side.

The tariff against the United States was not merely due to the insistence of special interests in Canada.

Behind it was the desire to maintain Canadian individuality and avoid absorption, first economic and then possibly political, in the United States.

It is significant that Laurier, the French Canadian, started Empire preference. The French Canadians have always considered there was more danger to their independence from America than from the British Empire.

Now that Canada is firmly established as a great Dominion, she is not so afraid of American dominance. Developments on both sides of the border, however, make it very difficult to reach a satisfactory agreement.

Southern Rhodesia's First Film

SOUTHERN RHODESIA has produced its first film.

Entitled "The Gourd of Poison," it deals with the superstition, witchcraft and savagery of Matabeleland before the white man entered the country.

It also reveals that Southern Rhodesia's natives can produce just as good actors as Hollywood and indicates the potentialities of Empire film work.

The plot is simple. It is taken from a story written by an official of the Native Department in the Colony.

It tells of a young Matabele warrior and maiden and an amorous old man who employs the usual guile, aided by the witch doctor, to win the girl for himself.

Culturally and historically the film story is accurate. Experts, both black and white, have given advice and assistance.

The chief character, M'tshena, the villain of the piece, was a member of the Insugamini Regiment and fought against the Pioneers in 1893.

This Regiment was always kept in readiness for emergency by King Lobengula and was possibly the most bloodthirsty and mobile of all his regiments.

The witch doctor's part is taken by Mpaliwa, whose forebears were the people of Chief Mambu, former owners of Rhodesia before the country was taken possession of by the father of Lobengula. The native who plays the father of the girl also belongs to the Mambu people. This man's father was actually accused by the witch doctors of being an evil-doer and killed.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Australian Gold Rush of
the '50's

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE importance of the discovery of great deposits of gold and precious stones in promoting the growth of flourishing communities in the previously waste spaces of the world is familiar to most people, but the instance that is most frequently remembered is that of South Africa.

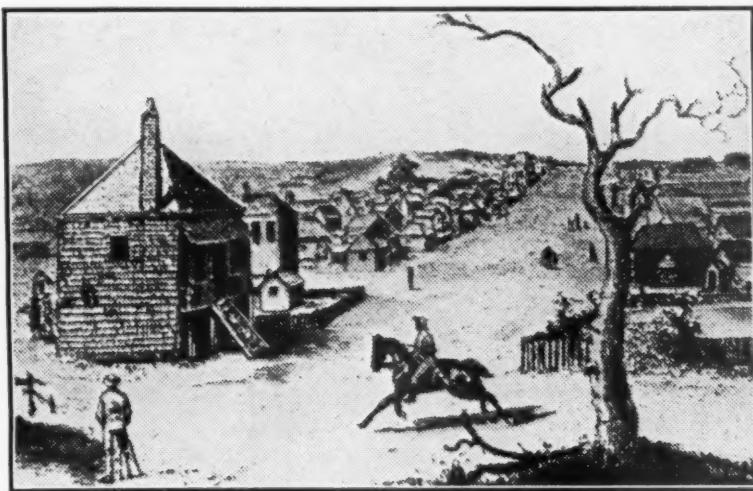
We recall the tremendous changes produced by the opening-up of the diamond fields of Kimberley and of the goldfields of the Rand, but we forget that the peopling of Australia was only upon a comparatively small scale until the discovery of the gold deposits of Ballarat and Bendigo promoted the tremendous rush of emigrants that marked the early 'fifties of the nineteenth century and turned Melbourne from an insignificant village into a great capital city.

At the beginning of the 'thirties, forty years after its first settlement, the population of Australia was confined to its western seaboard, and New South Wales, as the whole of the region was then called, had a population not much exceeding 40,000, of whom nearly one half were transported convicts and a very large proportion of the others were those who had won their freedom after serving their sentences.

By 1840 the scene was entirely changed, for the British Government had assisted emigration on a large scale for several years.

There were 140,000 free settlers in New South Wales and only 27,000 convicts, and since transportation ceased immediately after that date, while assisted emigration continued to be encouraged, the convict taint was soon wiped away and the immense majority of the population were free men and women born of free parents.

The colony was prosperous in a



Melbourne in the 1830's. In 1836 there were only 13 buildings in Melbourne. In 1852, with gold discovered, the population was over 100,000.

modest way, and with the single exception of the wealthy city of Sydney, it was almost wholly pastoral and wool was king.

But an immense change was coming, and the ten years between 1850 and 1860 saw the foundation of a new Australia with a strong national pride and consciousness, differing in many respects from the rather sleepy community of twenty years before.

The earliest discovery of gold dates from the late 'twenties when nuggets were found near Bathurst in New South Wales.

But the Government did not encourage a further search for fear of the evil results the news of gold-finds might have upon a community containing so many convicted criminals.

In 1848 the first gold-finds were reported from California which had recently been taken by the United States from Mexico.

An extraordinary rush began, and in 1849 immense numbers of gold seekers poured on to the Pacific coast from the Eastern States and Europe.

But some adventurous spirits were also attracted across the Pacific from Australia, and among them was Edward Hargraves who had been a grazier in New South Wales.

He had no great success in California, but he was struck with the similarity of the gold-bearing strata to Australian country with which he was familiar.

In 1851 he returned to Sydney to test his hopes, and they were at once justified.

He was able to wash out gold flakes from the river gravels near Bathurst, and at once informed the authorities of his discovery.

The news leaked out and a rush of treasure seekers poured across the mountains from Sydney.

Their tools were of the most primitive and within a few weeks there were hundreds of men along the river banks washing over the gravel in

pans and colanders, buckets and every sort of household utensil in the hope of sifting out the precious nuggets.

In June and July 1851, prospectors, spurred on by what had been found at Bathurst, searched the mountain ranges in Victoria and announced small finds, but they were eclipsed in August when the rich discovery of auriferous gravel was announced from Ballarat within a hundred miles of Melbourne.

In December it was eclipsed by the extraordinarily rich deposits of Bendigo, not far away, and the news sent people wild.

The story that ten tons of gold had been won at Ballarat within three months attracted immigrants as to a treasure house.

Melbourne was almost deserted, for everyone poured away to the diggings, and, to quote a single example, of fifty-five policemen who were employed by the city to keep order, only five remained on duty within a short time after the opening of the fields.

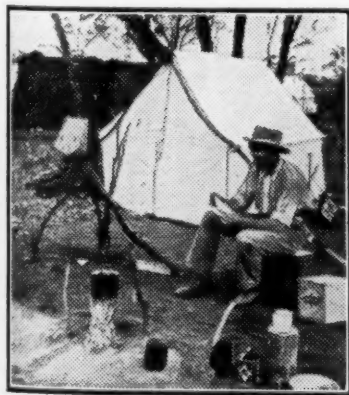
The stream of immigrants began to pour in in earnest at the end of the year.

There were a few Americans among the newcomers, but mostly they were English, Scots or Irish, and there were hardly any foreigners.

This was a fact of very great importance, for the rush was bringing its future population to Australia at the rate of thousands a day, and its preservation for a purely British stock was to guide all its subsequent destiny.

The alluvial fields were being gradually exhausted before the inflow of settlers died down by 1858, and those who came, had to turn to farming and other industries to make a living.

The colonies of the later Commonwealth were on the high road to success and it was the lure of gold that had given them their start.



Prospector's Camp. Victoria gold-fields. Note the inevitable "billy," Winchester 44, and dungarees.

The Rise in "Americans"

(By Our City Editor)

ONCE again Wall Street is becoming an international investment factor very much to be reckoned with, and a good deal of money is flowing from Britain and Europe across the Atlantic in search of capital appreciation in a manner somewhat reminiscent of 1928-29. Conditions now differ from those in that period inasmuch as confidence in the States has been tremendously shaken by the depression, and security values are therefore an unknown quantity. But if we compare some of the prices at the present time with those of 1929 we find that security prices may easily be doubled or trebled and still leave room for the margin which one would expect to result from the loss of confidence. New York Central Railroad stock touched 265 in 1929, the present price is around 25½. Atchisons at 53 compare with 307 in 1929. Radio Corporation which reached 116½ in 1929 now stand at 11 and these are only a few examples of the difference in values of the favourite stocks.

The belief is growing that the near future will see higher prices for "Americans" and there seems considerable support for this creed inasmuch as an impression of prosperity is given in the States, more than anywhere else, by a stock market "boom" and this impression is an essential prerequisite to the Presidential election next year. The financial position of U.S.A. is something of a paradox at the moment since a gradual return to normal business activity is being achieved in spite of the N.R.A., and the inflationary policy for which these letters stand, and not because of them. But all the forces of inflation are present and only await employment. America will have to take the greatest care that she is not once again overwhelmed by inflation built up on the insecure foundation of a stock market "boom" resulting in a collapse comparable with that of the autumn of 1929. For the British investor the American market does appear attractive for purposes of capital appreciation, but it should be emphasised how speculative is the character of the market and how important that the investor should avoid speculative risk disproportionate to his resources. Capital appreciation is not subject to British income-tax and now, more than ever, the temptation to speculate is encouraged by abnormal taxation and the high level of Government securities.

International Nickel

Though reminders of this description are to be depreciated, it is, perhaps, pardonable to mention that International Nickel of Canada now stand at nearly 39 as compared with 29 only a few weeks ago when "Americans" and Nickels in particular were stated in these columns to appear a promising market. The high price for copper, as well as the largely increased demand for nickel and its various alloys, is a favourable factor for the company, for copper is an important product. The rise in earnings last quarter probably owing to armament demands was abnormal, for net profit amounted to \$7,742,585 compared with \$5,420,615 in the June quarter. On the basis of the 75 cents dividend for this year, Nickels yield under 2 per cent., but earnings are now running at a very much higher level than this. However, it should be pointed out once again that one does not buy Transatlantic stocks primarily for income purposes, nor, in fact, at all unless one can afford some mild speculation.

Buying Back British Control

A feature of the period of depression has been the willingness of American interest to part with large blocks of shares in British companies, in many cases the actual control of the company thus changing hands. The Treasury has not encouraged these repurchases though they seem eminently desirable provided they are made at something like a favourable price, but of late their effect upon the sterling-dollar exchange has been less noticeable than would have been apparent in 1931, and it now appears that official sanction of such repurchases of interests in British companies from America is not withheld in any reasonable case. The latest example of such a deal is announced in connection with the Radio Corporation of America's holding in Electric and Musical Industries, the gramophone and wireless combine. Messrs. Morgan Grenfell and Co., and De Stein and Co., have arranged for the acquisition of this holding of 1,700,000 shares in E.M.I., at a price of £2,044,000, this representing nearly 30 per cent. of the issued capital of the company. Similar deals have recently been concluded in connection with blocks of shares of the General Electric and Associated Electric companies and, formerly, control of Boots Pure Drug Company was bought back from America.

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Shell Dividend Decision

"Shell" Transport and Trading Company, the huge oil combine which works in conjunction with the Royal Dutch, have decided to defer for the present the question of an interim dividend. This decision caused consternation in the market where an interim payment had been confidently anticipated. But "Shell" have every reason for postponing such a payment with the possibility of all kinds of disturbances in the world's oil markets owing to the imposition of sanctions and counter-sanctions and other abortive international measures. However, it must be confessed that it appears that the company may quite well pay an interim later on, and as the shares dropped back to under 4 on the announcement, they appear well worth attention. Last year a dividend of 12½ per cent. tax free was paid and certainly a still higher payment should be possible this year since the increased price for petrol in this country is of great benefit to distributors. Shells yield about 4 per cent. gross even on last year's basis, and they are as much an investment as any oil share can be.

Bass Profits Up

Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, Ltd., the famous brewers, have increased their rate of bonus from 2 to 4 per cent., making, with the dividend, 22 per cent. tax free distribution for the year. Profits at £807,169 were nearly £80,000 up for the year, and the company's financial position is stronger than ever. Bass were mentioned in this column at well below their present level of 128s. per £1 share, but even now they give an income of £4 8s. 6d. per cent. gross on the money.

COMPANY MEETING

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS

HIGH QUALITY MAINTAINED

THE thirty-fourth annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Raphael House, London, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said that after 69 years the reputation of the company stood higher than ever, and they had never deviated from their original aim—to produce publications of the highest quality and to combine art with utility. He thought it would be agreed that it was a wise and far-sighted policy to affix the name of Tuck only to productions of the highest quality. Tuck's Christmas and New Year cards still reigned supreme in the markets of the world. It was many years since they had first produced Christmas cards for the general public, and throughout the long history of the firm they had succeeded in maintaining their reputation for originality and artistic excellence.

In the book department foremost among their publications during the year was "The King's Book." The ever-changing tastes of the juvenile reading world kept them alive to their responsibility as producers of books for young people.

The eagerly looked-for and beautiful calendars would be assured of a more than hearty welcome this year. They were to be found everywhere. Tuck's picture postcards continued to maintain their reputation. With regard to the paperware department, they had excellent designs in lace paper, which had been made more attractive than ever. In the picture department they had recently published splendid new portraits of the King and Queen.

They would continue to pursue their aims to maintain the traditions of the company. They were not afraid of the future, but would go ahead in a spirit of determination, believing that the dawn of a brighter and more prosperous era was on its way.

The report was unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

ELECTRIC & MUSICAL INDUSTRIES, LIMITED.

THE fourth ordinary general meeting of Electric and Musical Industries, Limited, was held on November 15th at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Mr. Alfred Clark (chairman of the company) said that again this year the directors were happy to submit for the shareholders' approval a report that sales had exceeded those of the previous period, that trading had prospered, and that profits had increased, and to recommend the payment of a bonus in addition to a dividend at the same rate as last year.

General trading conditions during the past twelve months had been similar to those of the previous period. On the continent of Europe the situation, whether it were political or industrial, continued to be unsatisfactory. In Great Britain and the Empire only did they find, in contrast to that rather gloomy picture, that general trade continued to develop and expand.

It was not surprising, therefore, that what had been the experience in general trade had also been that of their own company. They had had greater sales at home in Great Britain and Ireland, and greater sales in each of the other countries of the Empire than in the previous year, while, as was to be expected, their sales outside the Empire had decreased. Taking the whole territory in which they carried on their business—Empire and Foreign—the total net sales had been greater, which meant that the increase within the Empire had been more than enough to offset the decrease in foreign countries.

A year ago he had been able to report that the sales in the first four months of the new year of the operating companies had been in advance of the previous year. That advance had continued until February, when there had been a slight falling off until the Radio Show at Olympia in August. At a result, the expansion for the year in the home trading had not been as great as the autumn sales had led them to expect.

As had been the case last year, radio receiving sets and radio-gramophones had formed the largest part of the sales in the home markets. Sales of gramophone records had been unsatisfactory.

In the field of household appliances they had continued to make steady progress. Their sales of refrigerators were increasing. Their factories at Hayes were working full time with overtime in many departments, and the output of receiving sets and radiograms again surpassed by a very large number the output of any other concern in Great Britain. The goods continued to be of high quality and up to the standard upon which the firm's reputation had been built.

Having fully dealt with the company's interests in television he referred to the outlook of the company.

He could give shareholders the facts about the actual sales that had taken place since the beginning of the new trading year, his difficulty always arose on the attempt to predict the result of the trading during the balance of the year.

They would be faced, quite naturally, with the international situation. An outstanding improvement in foreign trade could not be expected as long as restrictions remained as they were, but in some countries trading had been better in the first months of the new year. At home the radio industry was, perhaps, over-expanded and competition was likely to be keen, but they believed that they were in a stronger position than ever to meet eventualities and, in consequence, the directors viewed the result of the year's work with confidence.

Shareholders had probably seen in the Press a reference to a possible deal in the shares of this company held in America. That was not primarily a matter for the board, since the company could not acquire its own shares, but they had been fully informed of the position, and negotiations to that end were being pursued, and they believed were on the point of completion. They fully approved of what was being done, and would be glad to see the shares held in this country once more. (Applause.)

The report and accounts were adopted.

BROADCASTING**FOUR-GUINEAS-A-WEEK
ACTORS****BY ALAN HOWLAND**

I HAVE seen it stated that the B.B.C. is appointing a casting director or a casting manager to its Productions Department. There are several matters to which I should like the opportunity of directing his attention, and although I am sure he will not read these lines and would doubtless disregard them if he did, I shall nevertheless carry out what I conceive to be my duty.

I do not know whether this official will have discretion in the matter of the salaries paid to artists, but I imagine he will. It is high time something was done about the niggardly fees paid to broadcasting artists. I have spoken to many members of the theatrical profession, actors and actresses of standing and reputation and I find that numbers of them simply cannot afford to broadcast.

Where is the Profit?

They have to spend a whole week rehearsing and receive possibly three or four guineas if the show is broadcast once and six or eight guineas if it is "diagonalised." They have to lunch out every day and possibly on the evening of the broadcast they dine out as well. Not only is their net profit absolutely trifling, but they are debarred during the period of rehearsal from attending gramophone or film sessions. No actor worth his salt is going to waste his time unless he is driven to it. As a result we hear scores of people in broadcast plays who would not be given a hearing in a village amateur dramatic society.

Another matter which could bear a little intensive study is the maddening regularity with which certain artists appear in production after production. Tell me how many artists are appearing in a play produced by Mr. X. and I will tell you their names without consulting the programme. Let me once know that Mr. Y. is producing and I will tell you his cast as surely as if I had seen the names in letters of fire. Unfortunately it is not always the competent or versatile artists who receive this preferential treatment, and that is why the standard of acting in broadcast plays does not develop and, in fact, has not improved since 1925.

One other point and I have done with the casting manager. Let him remember that the methods of many artists who have gained a solid reputation in the theatre are totally unsuited to microphone work.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

AWARDED THE VOLPI CUP AT VENICE 1935 FOR THE
WORLD'S BEST SCREEN PERFORMANCE**Paula Wessely**

(of "Maskerade" fame) in

"EPISODE" (A)**MOTORING****I PRACTISE ISOLATION****BY SEFTON CUMMINGS**

AT the time of writing, I am practising splendid isolation. I am in a Somerset village which has become an island overnight, cut off from the world by flood.

There is just a possibility that I may be able to get to the station to-night in a milk float. That possibility is being explored at the moment. My brother is at this very second negotiating—if he is not consuming a glass of cider—for the hire of such a vehicle.

Whether it will succeed in getting through the flood is not absolutely certain; but we shall soon know, as some people are coming to lunch who will have to leave their car on the other side of the inundation and cross in the float. If they manage to avoid being drowned I shall know it is all right in the evening.

There is nothing very surprising or upsetting about this. It happens every year and we look upon it as rather a joke; in fact when some "furriner" comes along in a rakish car and gets stuck in the middle of the water and has to paddle out we laugh like anything.

But the people who get stuck don't laugh so much. They say that something ought to be done about it and that it is disgraceful that after all the money that motorists pay in taxation such a state of affairs should be allowed to exist. Then they mumble something about Rural District Councils and we, being loyal, talk unconvincingly of Acts of God.

The Man Responsible

Of course, we know perfectly well that it is not the slightest use trying to move the Rural District Council—nor any other Council for that matter.

Still, somebody should see that in these days the roads are passable in all weathers. And the obvious person responsible is the Minister of Transport; because, no matter what local body is immediately responsible, it is he who really has the final word; for if ever he finds that his authority falls short he can immediately, by abusing the new-fangled idea of legislating by orders in Council, remedy this state of affairs.

If the Government are wondering how best to expend the hundred millions which they had to promise to disburse in order to sweeten the electors they might well direct their attention to the prevention of floods in the future.

For, though I thought that I might be singularly unfortunate in my isolation, a moment's reflection convinced me that I almost certainly was not. The names of several villages in various part of England occurred to me which are invariably cut off altogether from the outer world whenever there is very heavy rain. There is useful work to be done here, work, moreover which will also benefit farmers. It should be put in hand at once.

LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told:

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people!)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, tablespoonsful of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into the hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

God Save England

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

THE British Empire is one third of the whole world—it is peopled by our own Kith and Kin, who speak English and who, when they are coming to England, call it "Coming Home." This immense portion of the world is English through and through and yet—Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden calling themselves Englishmen—are so false to the traditions of England and so utterly ignorant of their duty to the British Empire—that they want England to be ruled by a League of foreigners and fly over to Geneva every other day to be told what they must say and do next by that arch-traitor—Litvinoff—the man who when Lenin wished to save the Russian Royal Family—insisted upon them being massacred—for it is he who is schooling these two men and dictating to them what to do—and that is why they are forcing and ramming the League of Nations and Sanctions down the throats of the Nation—for it is Russia and Russia alone who wants Sanctions—and *this* is what these men call Democracy!

THE League of Nations—with Germany, America and Italy—out of it is a League of small foreign States with Russia—the only big country—as Top Dog. They all speak different languages—few of them understand English or care anything for England—excepting to look upon England as a milch cow that they can milk—and Litvinoff, who is satanically clever, rules them all with a rod of iron. This position has been manœuvred for by the Soviet for years past and to-day England is being ruled by Russia—who is determined to force England to stand by the League of Nations and Sanctions. Sanctions—which mean stabbing Italy in the back—Italy our good friend and Ally, who has always thought much of England and the English—who has always stood by us and upheld us. Hear what an Italian paper says about it:—

England's Despotic Government

Every action of the British Government is made on its own account, at the will of a hand-

ful of persons. Not even the whole press is in agreement. Important newspapers warn the Government against smashing for ever Anglo-Italian friendship. Persons of the greatest influence make a point of publicly declaring their opposition to the policy of Hoare and Eden. But all this counts for nothing; the liberal Government of Britain holds on its course with an indifference to public opinion worthy of the most tyrannical sultan of the past! These, then, are the advantages of democracy?

Corriere della Sera.

ENGLAND is on the edge of a precipice and Sanctions specially devised by Russia will give England a final push into the bottomless pit and chaos—the Monarchy will be overthrown and the shipwreck of England and the British Empire complete, this is the plan Russia has schemed and worked for. Italy has warned us again and again that SANCTIONS MEAN WAR—But they mean MUCH MORE THAN WAR—for Russia's aim is and always has been the downfall of England—only the other day Litvinoff in an outburst said "Imperialism must disappear" which in plain English means that *the same fate that was meted out to the Russian Royal Family—will await England's King and Queen and the English Royal Family—if Sanctions are carried out.*

THESE are NOT WILD MEANINGLESS WORDS—as no doubt you will be told they are by the men who have caused all this to come upon us—these words, alas, are only too true. Meriel Buchanan in a powerful article on another page—tells us her own convictions and experience—and no one knows more surely than she does how true all this is. And the inevitability of these warnings must not be over-looked.

THE Two Minutes Silence has just been sounded and during those Two Minutes I prayed with all my heart.

GOD SAVE ENGLAND

and deliver us from Sanctions and the League of Nations.